

EUGENIA,

BRITONS

TRAGEDY.

BY

SAMUEL HAYES,

AND

ROBERT CARR,

Difficiles aditus primi. HOR.

SCENE, for the most part in and near the Mexican
Camp, on the Continents of Mexico, except the End
of the first Act and Beginning of the third, which
lies in the British Camp, distant from the Mexican
eight Miles.

LONDON:

Printed for the Authors.

EUGENIA

MDCCLXVI

P R E F A C E .

THE following Piece is the amusing Pro-
 duction of our Leisure Hours, and has
 afforded us a very agreeable Entertainment.
 Should it engage the candid Reader's Attention
 so far as to yield an Honourable Mention in
 the Parish, we should think it our chief
 Happiness in the Publication. Hoping at the
 same Time, they will excuse this Perform-
 ance should any of the Faults of an ama-

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Productions of Humour, Nature, and the At-
 tempt is commensurate. For, according to
 Horace,

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 167

contentille decorum est.

The Reader will judge
 impartially, and pardon
 Errors in this Experience only can
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Tragedy is certainly one of the noblest Productions of Human Nature, and the Attempt is commendable, for, according to Horace,

contendisse decorum est.

Therefore 'tis hoped the Reader will judge impartially of this first Attempt, and pardon Errors in Youth, which Experience only can avoid.

EUGENIA

Dramatis Personæ.

BRITONS.

CADWALLYNE, King of the Britons.

ORMANUS, a noble Captive.

ALBANACT,

ELIUD,

EDGAR,

EUGENIA,

ALTHIRA,

} Officers.

} Captives.

MERCIAN S.

PENDA, King of Mercia.

ETHELRED, his Son.

OSMOND, Nephew to the King.

OFFA,

EGBERT,

EDWIN,

} Officers.

*British and Mercian Officers, Prisoners, Guards, and
other Attendants.*

SCENE, for the most Part in and near the Mercian
Camp, on the Confines of Wales, except the End
of the first Act and Beginning of the third, which
lies in the British Camp, distant from the Mercian
eight Miles.

Time, from Evening to Midnight.

IVXXIIIIII

EUGENIA.



EUGENIA

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Field, at a Distance from the Mercian Camp.*

EGBERT and Soldiers. *To them* EDWIN.

EDWIN.

GOOD-EVEN EGBERT, hasten to the Camp,
The King on some important Cause expects
you;
While I, by OSMOND's Order, take your
watch.

EGBERT.

I shall attend;—but speak, how fares the Day?
Will Vict'ry greet us e'er the Sun declines?

EDWIN.

I hope it will, but still remain uncertain;

B

For

EUGENIA.

For at a distant Quarter all the Time
Of this Encounter have I kept my Guard
A Soldier brought my Orders from the Chief:
As I set forth, the King was then renouncing
I judg'd with conquest for the flames instead wider.

It glads me, **EDWIN.**

My Chief, inform me
Why so far behind our Camp this Guard was set
When *Orontes*' force resisted in the Front?

Just at the Time when that proud City's Gates
Were by our Troops born down, then was I present,
A Messenger arrived, who brought Advice
That princely **ETHELRED** was near at hand:—

Hark!—'tis his Drum, with Conquest must thou greet
him.

Hah—'tis the City's Fall—**EGBERT** behold
What Clouds of Dust obscure the Camp from sight:

Thus must they perish who oppose our arms:—
But I must hence—**EDWIN** farewell. [*Exit EGERT.*]

Farewell.

SCENE II.

Here comes a Prince, a nobler Mercia boasts not,
Whose Virtues in these Days of Blood are Crimes;
Yet still though Vice, born by the Gift of Power,
May force our Nature from the mould of Pity,
His Mind must be degenerate and base,
That won't distinguish Virtue from Oppression.

Clear

A I N E U E U G E N I A.

Clear as the holy Sun at his uprising
In every Action shines his Fame, no Day
But even Envy must confess his Worth, [Drum near
He comes with Speed, — Soldiers prepare to greet
Your royal Master's Son, who may hereafter,
(When PENDA for a greater leaves his Crown,
With Dignity assume the *Margian* Throne:
Remember this, that he with Virtue's Laws
Shall bless the Realm, while neighb'ring Kings
Will rev'rence, love and awful Homage pay,
To him, as Monarch of the *Anglo-Saxons*.
But he approaches. —

SCENE III. Enter ETHELRED, OFFICERS, and Soldiers.

EDWIN.
Hail noble ETHELRED,
Thrice welcome to the glorious Seat of War,
And to thy Father's Camp, where Victory smiles,
Auspicious now as ever on his Arms.

ETHELRED.
Thanks worthy Soldier, far off on our March
Have we beheld the clouds of smoke ascend
In curling Wreaths; — unknowing of the cause
We hast'ned on to bring our speedy succours;
But by thy happy Words, and my heart's hope,
They're needless: — Say, from whence this tumult

Edwin.
Near twenty tedious Days hath PENDA lain
Before *Orontes*' Walls, and in that space,
Thrice have our Troops been driven from th' attack,
With Loss incredible, by a desperate Band
Of Britons, press'd with Famine and Disease,

Who still withstood, and kept from us the Conquest
 To see their scanty Numbers thus secure,
 Shame struck our Breasts, and Wrath awoke
 The dreadful Dragon from his former Trance;
 Our Monarch caught the animating fire,
 And order'd straight a general Assault:
 E'er this the City's gain'd.

ETHELRED.

I thank thee Soldier, and it joys me much,
 That Victory awaits my Father's Arms:

OFFA.

And always will; O I have seen the Day,
 When our great King was compass'd round with foes,
 On ev'ry side the barbed Arrows flew,
 And Tumult, and Confusion spread abroad;
 But when aloft he rais'd his strenuous arm,
 The sharp Sword heavy with the Force he lent,
 Clear'd all before, and laid them at his Feet.

ETHELRED.

Such brave Exploits I know well merit Praise,
 Yet stern Severity commands his Actions;
 A rigid Hate to Foes shades on his Glory,
 And casts a gloomy Darkness on his Fame.—
 Hark! what loud shouts re-echoe from the camp,
 Behold where EGBERT comes, methinks I see
 Joy in his Face, and Triumph on his Crest.

SCENE IV. *Enter to them* EGBERT.

EGBERT.

Joy be to ETHELRED, my valiant Prince,
 And you my warlike Friends, health unto all;
 A gladsome welcome PENDA can bestow:
 For now the lofty Towers of *Orantes*,
 (Which stopp'd the Progress of our Monarch's Arms)

Are

EUGENIA.

Are levell'd low in Smoke; while in its Fall,
The scatter'd Britons undistinguish'd lie,
And Nobles drench'd in vulgar Blood expire;
But to our royal Monarch much is due;
God's! what tremendous Wonders did his Arm
Singly atchieve, like our great Deity
The awful THOR, when o'er the guilty world
In dark'ning Clouds, and echoing on high,
He hurls his dreadful Messengers of Wrath:
Thro' all he darts his angry bolts, and splits
The Oak, the spreading Cedar, and tall Pine:
So Bands oppos'd by PENDA faintly rear'd
Their shields to ward the swift descending Blow:
For he with more than mortal Valour fought,
And thro' their temper'd Helmets cleft them down.

OFFA.

Still, still he shines a WODEN in the War:
And like him leads his Troops to certain Glory.

ETHELRED.

But say, how fares our Cousin, noble OSMOND?

EGBERT.

In him a Warrior's Port hath well appear'd,
Though Darts and Stones obscur'd the Face of Day:
He boldly march'd up to their crouded Walls,
And cut his Passage thro' their timid Hosts.

ETHELRED.

It glads my Soul that PENDA has prevail'd,
And yet it grieves me much to view such War,
Such baneful Slaughter between Man and Man:
This Conquest would have merited more Praise,
Had not destructive Flames destroy'd the Town.

EGBERT.

Are they not Foes, who always bent their Hate
On Mercia's King? what Pity had they shewn
To us being conquer'd; all know they bear

A bitter

A I N E U E E U G E N I A.

A bitter-harred to the ~~Savage~~ Name;
By THOR, I burnt with an unusual Ardour,
When I beheld their smoking Turkey Topp
Sink in dilating Flames down to the Earth;
While dire Complaints resounded from the Crash,
And pierc'd the Air with dismal Lamentations.

ETHELRED.

EGBERT no more, forbear this horrid Tale;
It grieves my innocent Soul, and melts my Heart:
For Cruelty doth Nature's Laws abhor,
It dissipates in Strife Society,
And banishes all gentle gen'rous Pity,
The noblest Ornament of human Nature.

EGBERT.

Too far, my Lord, your Mercy bends you now;
When did you hear your royal Father thus
Obscure his Manhood, or eclipse his Fame?
Is there a State can shew so great a King,
So firm a Soldier, and so true a Friend:
At Honour's Call he quits the pageant Court,
Where Pleasure dwells array'd in choicest sweets;
Arms for the Field to live in Camps remote,
Nor thinks it hard to share the common Toil;
For ever mindful of his Country's Good:
His Valour still rewarded by the Gods,
Keeps Pace with Glory and augments his Power.

ETHELRED.

EGBERT, 'tis true my Valour is untry'd,
But when it is it will prove true, may I think
It all be lost in dark Obscurity:
Honour's a grateful Virtue, of mistaken name
But hence with these Disposes, and let me know
If PENDA yet from Conquest is return'd:
He is, my Lord, with Osmond in the Camp,
To whom he grants the Choice of captive Foes:

EUGENIA

A TRAGEDY

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE TWO FIDELITYS.

OFFA and EGBERT, hasten to him straight.
 Acquaint him of my safe Arrival here, I pray
 With fresh Supplies to join his vigorous Force,
 And know his Will, where we shall form our Camp.

[Enter EDGAR and OFFA]

[And pierce the Air with dismal lamentations]

SCENE V.

ETHELRED.

O Power supreme, auspicious WODEN, hear
 As erst thou didst our great Forefathers Vows
 Look down indulgent on this Seat of War,
 This Field of Slaughter, this Effuse of Blood,
 Hear, and send Peace to this contending World,
 And unto Mercy turn our Mercian Minds: —

Now, Captain, set we on towards the Camp, —

[To EDGAR]

To greet our Father on this glorious Day. [Exit]

SCENE VI. The British Camp.

[Enter CADWALLYNE, EDGAR, &c.]

CADWALLYNE.

We've form'd our Camp on a delightful Spot,
 Whose verdant Grass, the chrystal Springs adorn.
 Here will we wait the second Bands arrival,
 Led on by CADWALDER, our youthful Son,
 Whom we expect to join us as to Night.
 To-morrow will we march towards Orontes:

Our sudden Presence will afford them Joy,
 And strike with Terror the invading Mercians.

EDGAR.

Our Arms shall conquer them, and soon regain
 The beautiful Isle, (now in the Saxon Power)
 If to ourselves we're true, and firmly stand
 With one Consent, to spurn these Mercians hence.
 Alas! our private Feuds have been our Fall: —

[To whom he grants the Choice of captive Foes:]

EUGENIA.

CADWALLINE.

True, that Fault alone hath ruin'd us;
Experience is not priz'd till bought too dear!
But now 'tis time we should avoid that Shame,
And reassume our Strength, long lain aside.
To-morrow shall we reach th' invell'd City;
Therefore my Friends, e'er that the rising Sun
Shall gild our Northern World with orient Pearl,
Be sure to rise, and as the matin Lark
Born on her rapid Wing, forfakes her Nest,
And thro' the air in Safety speeds her Flight:
With pleasing Notes she strains her warbling Throat,
As to the Sun with Awe she bends her Course:
So let us soar, adorn'd with Thoughts sublime,
Like her adore the supreme, benign Pow'r:
Let Fear from us withdraw her dubious Cares,
And with true Valour let us steel our Hearts;
For if by glorious Wounds in fight we fall,
And in our Country's just Defence expire;
In Meads above, with heav'nly verdure crown'd,
Safe shall we have a happy, quiet State;
There peace, and Union do for ever dwell;
No Sorrows there, no false perfidious Friends.

EDGAR.

Ay, there's a bright Reward for worthy Deeds!
Let us no longer then obscure our Lives,
But strive our long lost Honour to regain:
Not far from hence these *Mercians* lie encamp'd,
And cast their darts against *Orontes* Walls:
Therefore prepare for the next Morning's Dawn,
Be early up, gird on your trusty Swords,
And with new Ardour let us meet the Foe.
O may each *Briton*, e'er to-morrow's close
Deep dye his Faulchion in their heathen Blood:

CADWALLINE.

EUGENIA.

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CADWALLYNE.

EDGAR, thy zealous Spirit tends too far,
And favours much of *Mercian Cruelty*;
Let proper bounds confine your daring Soul,
And guide with Reason what your Valour wills,

EDGAR.

I hope, my Liege, you'll pardon these Offences,
Which flow from me in Justice to my Country.

CADWALLYNE.

EDGAR, I meant not to upbraid thy Zeal,
But to allay it, lest it should prevail
Over your better Reason, all Mankind
Should strive to curb unruly Passions:
Love of our Country is a glorious Virtue,
While Modesty subdues intemperate Heat;
And when it rages, 'tis not Love but Passion,
Which harbour'd in the Breast, kindles a Flame
Promoting Faction, Tyranny and Pride.
My Friends, remember that our Fate is fix'd
Upon the approaching Action, if lost,
Such sudden Fear will seize the flying Troops,
That e'er we can rejoin our scatter'd Force,
Or levy fresh Supplies of equal Strength,
Fit to withstand their cruel conquering Arms;
They may erect strong Forts within our Holds,
That *Cambria's* Force shall never drive them hence;
Then farewell Liberty, and Rest, and all.

EDGAR.

Let us not fall as Slaves, as fearful Hinds;
Invading *PENDA's* Fate as well as ours,
Shall by the next Encounter be decided,

CADWALLYNE.

Is all our Band encamped?—is *ALBANACT*
Who led the Rear? where is that noble Youth;
He shuns of late our Councils and our Presence.

C

EDGAR,

Edgar.

My Lord, before our March (much to my Grief)
 I often have observed him, in a State
 Of melancholy Meditation;
 Oft would his Eyes seem fastened on the Ground,
 While the swollen Tear hung on his youthful Cheek;
 I know his Grief, he mourns a lovely Maid
 Who absent with his Sister, and his Friends
 Remains immur'd within Orantes' Walls.

CADWALLYNE.

His Mind ill brooks the Sorrows of the Time,
 Who sighs for private Loss when publick Good
 Appears so near its Dissolution:
 I thought his noble Spirit could have born
 The Frowns of Fortune with a better Grace.

[Enter to them an Officer.

OFFICER.

ELIUD, my Liege, the Governor's arrived.

CADWALLYNE.

Haste, let him know we wait his Presence.

Exit Officer.

CADWALLYNE.

[Aside.

How!

ELIUD here! What can this presage—my Fears
 Prophetick tell me that the City's lost:
 If in thy Justice thou afflict us Heaven,
 Grant but the Strength and Fortitude to bear it;
 And we will bear it nobly—Now my Friends
 Orantes' present State will be declar'd.

SCENE VII. Enter ELIUD to them.

Thou'rt welcome ELIUD, and I could bestow
 A joyous Welcome for thy long spent Service;
 But Sorrow casts her Veil upon thy Features,

And

EUGENIA.

11

And seems to hide a heavy Tale in Silence.

ELIUD.

Wou'd I had dy'd, e'er any one had brought
Such fatal Tidings as I now must utter;
The ancient Splendor of our City falls;
Our Houses, public Structures, Churches, all
Subversion in its Luxury destroys;
Riots in Flames, and revels in our Slaughter;
On yon high Hill, next Neighbour to your Camp,
You may discern the motley Clouds ascend,
And hover o'er the rueful Scene of Horror.

CADWALLYNE.

O piteous Tale!—Heaven support my Soul,
And with unwonted Firmness, bear me up
Against these adverse Strokes of threatening Fortune.—

[After a Pause.]

But say, how came this swift Destruction on?

ELIUD.

PENDA, inconstant as the Blasts of Heav'n,
Swore by his Gods this Morn to cease Assaults
Until to-Morrow, when if we receiv'd
No Succour, we were to surrender all
Unto his Mercy, or to have the Town
Burnt to the Earth, and every Briton slain:
But at Mid-Day this perjur'd Mercian drew
A Compass round our City with his Troops,
Then fix'd our Gates, and bore them from their hinges,
ORMANUS, follow'd by a valliant few
Of faithful Men, courageous tho' distress'd,
Oppos'd the first that enter'd from the Breach,
And drove them back with Slaughter to the Field;
Straight the fell Heav'ens rallying their Force,
As if resolv'd on Death, pour'd in their Hosts,
From every Quarter, our Party lost
Amidst their Numbers, sought the Citadel,

C 2

Which,

Which, e'er they gain'd, the fatal Fire had caught.
 There that Imperial Pile embrac'd the Flames,
 And falling as an airy Star descends
 Thro' rising Clouds, and sinks for ever lost.
 Part there took Quarter, Part receiv'd their Deaths,
 Save we who 'scap'd with dang'rous Difficulty.

CADWALLYNE.

This dire Event hath foil'd our greatest Hopes:
 Yet still let us rely on heav'nly Aid;
 Let Fortitude of Mind possess our Thoughts:
 'Tis not the Meritorious always meet
 Success, nor those whom Virtue has adorn'd:
 On Good as Bad, a Share of Toil descends,
 Nor can the Just prevent that destin'd Fate,
 Which Heav'n's Decree immutable hath fix'd.
 Then let us banish from our Breasts Despair,
 Support our Cause, nor timorous, nor rash,
 Straight let us resolve the speediest Way
 To check the Foe before they spread too far:
 ELIUD whose Counsel oft has been propitious,
 Pronounce your Thoughts on this.

ELIUD.

My royal Liege,
 When at *Orontes*, with Joy have I beheld
 The *Mercian* Camp to Pleasure set no Bounds,
 Careless of Danger, indolent and slothful,
 They pass'd their Time in habitual Ebriety.
 My Counsel is, we straight our Arms prepare,
 Take up our Darts, and fit our painted Shields,
 And when the cloudy Night shall cast around
 Her sable Mantle to the World's Repose,
 Then let us rush on the unwary Foe,
 Who flush'd with Conquest, and o'ercome with Wine,
 In Safety think they pass luxurious Hours.
 How easy might we force th' unguarded Camp,

And

And sacrifice their Lives to Britons slain.

CADWALLINE.
Thy Counsel cheers us much; tell me my Friends
How like you this Advice? What think you EDGAR?

EDGAR.
ELIUD, my Lord, hath near express'd my Mind:
At dead of Night to force the *Mercian* Camp,
Is sure the sole Expedient we have left:
For when the second Band of Troops arrive,
Our Force will be but small, theirs numerous.

CADWALLYNE.
Then be it so my brave and worthy Chiefs:
Methinks I see the glorious Laurel Wreath,
Join with the Sacred Olive on our Plumes,
And to our Welfare each extend their Blossoms;
The first as Emblem of some future Conquest,
The last presaging of a joyous Peace,
A happy, lasting, honourable Peace.
Prepare our Friends against this great Exploit,
Inspire their drooping Hearts with Resolution,
Teaching them by Example to be brave.—
Seek out young ALBANACT, with him attend
To Council in my Tent, where we'll retire.

[Exeunt CADWALLYNE, &c.]

SCENE VIII.

MANENT, EDGAR, ELIUD, &c.

EDGAR.
There went the King, the Patriot, and the Friend!
How great he shines amidst prevailing Woes.
And as a CARO decks his Country's Name.

ELIUD.
'Tis true, his Cares oppress his inmost Breast
And agitate his Mind with constant Trouble;

But

But yet his great, unconquerable Soul
Shines through supreme and overtops them all:
For long hath he refused Nature's kind Gift,
Nor will he grant to Rest one single Hour,
'Fore Liberty and Conquest crown his Toll.

And now I think that Heav'n hath granted it,
For when the rosy finger'd Morn shall dart
Her lucid Rays, enlightening the World,
We shall behold the Mercies Pow'r abas'd,
Our Troops exulting o'er their captive Spoils
With quick Revenge.—But see, young ALBANACT
Stand there behind; he may not see you here;
'Twill much augment his Grief, so heavy now.

SCENE IX. Enter ALBANACT.

ALBANACT.
Where is the King? they say that ELIUD's come;
But when I ask'd the News all shook their Heads,
And wrap'd in Silence left me unresolv'd,
As if the worst Extremity was pass'd: [Seeing ELIUD,
What! ELIUD! dost thou shun me, that confirms it,
And thy pale Visage tells me that my Fears
Whisper'd in Truth the Horror to my Soul:
And if 'tis true what Need of this Suspence:
O I conjure you ELIUD, tell me all,
Nor torture me with Apprehension longer,
But by disclosing rid me of the worst.
For while I doubt, a thousand thousand Fears
With harsh Ideas throng upon my Mind,
And ev'ry Moment is a Year of Pain.

ELIUD.
Then arm yourself with Strength and Resolution.—
Know that our Friends lie reeking in their Blood;

The

The *Mercians* bear our Standards in their Camp,
And triumph o'er the Ruins of *Orontes*.

ALBANACT.

This I can bear, e'en with a steady Firmness;
But Ah! in Pity answer my Request,
Say, are *ALTHIRA* and *EUGENIA* safe;
All Woes in Balance with the Loss of them
Appear but light, and I'll with Patience bear them.

ELIUP.

They're lost I fear, so dangerous was the Attempt
By Means of Flight to 'scape the eager Foe;
By *PENDA's* Troops each Avenue was stopp'd,
Except a dark and subterraneous Pass
That leadeth Westward from the Capitol
To *Hethber Wood*, through this with silent Speed
We urg'd our Course, and at a Distance heard
Their Shouts exulting o'er the City's Ruin.

ALBANACT.

Now Malice, Mischief, use your utmost Force!
Here is a Soul that scorns your vain Attempts;
And thou high Heav'n unpitying of Distress,
Hurl thy dread Thunder, rivet me to Earth,
If e'er I know the Sweetness of Happiness,
'Till I appease the Vulture of Revenge,
'Till even Vengeance bids Destruction stop.

ELIUP.

O ALBANACT, forbear these impious Threats;
I fear thou'rt lost to Honour's sacred Ties;
Restrain this uncontrolling Heat, unknown
To Savages that haunt the lonely Wilds,
I spent my early Days in *CADWANG's* Cause,
But never knew that Passion long exult,
For sure Destruction follow'd close Revenge,
And terminated all its Hope in Woe:
How I can a Briton change that Lenity

Which

Which all-providing Heav'n ordain'd should grace
The Breast of Man, in mildest Influence,
And balmy Pleasures like the Morning Dew.

ALBANACT.

Thy Words are just, but the sad Tale o'erwhelm'd
My much embarrass'd Mind.—Thou good old Man,
Could you but know what Cares torment my Soul,
Your gentle Heart would melt and share my Grief,—
Oh ! I have lost a Sister kind and virtuous,
Friends I esteem, and ah my dear ALTHIRA,
On whom kind Heav'n bestow'd such beauteous Charms
That might attract the greatest Prince's Love.
All in one Day, one curst unhappy Day,
Torn from my wretched Arm, to crown the Wish
Of some proud, cruel and imperious Foe.

ELIUD.

Cease your distrustful Fears, 'tis like she lives,
And tho' a Captive now may come hereafter,
Free and untainted to your longing Arms.

ALBANACT.

No, No ; she's dead, or born away a Slave
Into the *Mercian* Camp, open to all
The Injuries and Insults of the Troops
Made bold by Conquest, insolent by Gain.
And shall I ne'er behold ALTHIRA more,
But tamely let the *Mercians* bear her off ;
Forbid it Heav'n ; no, by my Souls high Worth,
This Night I'll see her, tho' the *Saxon* Pow'rs
And Hell combin'd against the Interview.

ELIUD.

Let not Temerity thus overstay you.

ALBANACT.

O I was blest, beyond Expression blest,
When the last Time I parted from her Arms,
Exchanging Vows of mutual Love and Faith,

With

With Joy I promis'd quickly to return
And bind our Vows by far more stronger Ties,
Unthinking of the Ills that still attend us.
O that this Sorrow in Excess would end me,
That we might join, and I perform my Vow.

EGBERT.

What die for Love—a fond a fickle Passion—

ALBANACT.

Talk not to me of that, you have not felt
The lovely Flame of virtuous, lawful Love.

EDGAR.

Why Women, Boys, and peevish Girls claim that;
Let them die with't that have not Souls to face
A real Danger;—live thou for brave Revenge.—

ALBANACT.

Revenge—thou'st waked me—where may it be had?
Nay answer that, or leave me to my Sorrows?

EDGAR.

Among the *Mercians*? know our valiant King
Resolves this Night to storm the hostile Camp.

ALBANACT.

By you bright Heav'n it is a brave Design,
And adds new Honour to CADWALLYNE's Reign.

ELIUD.

Thus Youth, when Sorrow rages at the height,
We think we're sinking in the Vale of Ruin;
Yet oft a Gleam of Hope darts on our Ills,
And with its friendly Aid bestows Relief.

ALBANACT.

I fear my Sorrows hurried me too far,
And join'd Presumption to my frantic Words;
Hence I'll obey the great Disposer's Will,
And if 'tis possible, I'll err no more;
I fear 'tis not, but I'll endeavour it:

ELIUD.

Cherish such Pride—it well becomes a *Briton* :

EDGAR.

But why delay we thus?—the King expects us,
To further his Resolves in open Council?

ALBANACT.

Grant, O kind Heav'n our Arms may yet succeed;
Let this Day's Horror with our Sufferings plead;
An injured Nation groans; these Ills oppose,
And hurl just Vengeance on thy impious Foes.

Exeunt omnes.

End of the FIRST ACT.





A C T II.

SCENE I. *The Mercian Camp.*

ORMANUS, EUGENIA, ALTHIRA, *Prisoners, and*
Guards at a Distance.

ORMANUS.

MY Friends, no more, it half unmans my Soul,
 Seeing you thus oppress'd with shameful Bonds:
 As Britons share your Fate: false are their Gods;
 Nor let their Threats force you to Adoration?
 It were a Crime most impious, though we're doom'd
 To Slavery, let our Minds remain unmov'd,
 Untainted by their Pow'r, for noble Souls
 Will shine as bright beneath a pond'rous Load,
 As when whole Empires wait upon their Beck:
 'Tis not a Station that exalts the Mind.
 Mourn not, ye lovely Maids, though bound in Iron,
 Your superior Charms would raise Compassion
 In a Scythian's Breast, and turn his Ire
 To gentle Admiration:—By Heaven
 EUGENIA thy Tears afflict me more,
 Than these vile Chains upon a Warrior's Limbs.

EUGENIA.

Thy Preservation renders Sorrow less,
 But still you must excuse these stealing Tears,
 A trifling Tribute to so great a Loss,
 That of a tender Father, lost I fear
 Amidst the public ruin:—

D 2

ORMANUS.

ORMANUS.

[aside.]

Too true thy Doubts!

And I must feign a Tale my Heart denies:

If in his Country's Cause he nobly fell,

He reigns above this Worlds perplexing Cares;

But yet, perhaps he lives, in Safety lives,

Free from this Carnage, and the galling Yoke

Which we endure, and with young ALBANACT,

Now meditates on brave Revenge, who still

Shall bless ALTHIRA, and in Freedom, pass

More happy days.—

ALTHIRA.

Ah no! My Heart forebodes

Eternal Absence; for no friendly Ray

Appears to lead me through this Maze of Trouble:

On ev'ry Side the gloomy Sorrows spread,

And Love and Happiness depart for ever.

ORMANUS.

Despair not of celestial Justice thus;

That Hand omnipotent, which doom'd us Chains,

Hath equal Pow'r to break their strongest Force.

Wealth eafy works on mercenary Minds;

If ought that *Cambria* boasts, can ransom you

From this rapacious Camp, it shall be done.

EUGENIA.

Women 'tis said, are subject much to Fear,

But I disdain that Weakness of my Sex;

Shall I drain Treasure from a weaken'd people?

Accept a Ransom while my Country bleeds?

No! rather shall these *Mercians* yield me up

A Victim unto Death!—

ORMANUS.

Talk not of Death!

Still shall we live in Happiness and Love,

'Spite of our wayward Fortune, and the Ills

We

We labour under here, there's Blessings yet;
 O my EUGENIA, how thy Virtues shine:
 Witness ye heav'nly Pow'rs! I love thee more
 Beholding thus thy Piety remain:
 Adversity's the Touch-stone of the Soul,
 Ordain'd by Heav'n unto the noblest Mind;
 To try our Virtues, if in that we shine,
 Superior Blessings will await our End,
 And form our Clove of Life conspicuous.

EUGENIA.

Thy Words, O Youth, are Balsam to my Grief:
 Alas! what Pains rent my distracted Breast;
 When with uncommon Fury pouring forth
 Their hostile Darts, and darkening the Sky;
 You rush'd impetuous through the Scene of War;
 Lest that the Heathen, with unhallowed Hands
 Should seize the Life on which my Peace was built.

ORMANUS.

Thou charming Maid, to hear thee kind, my Joy
 Returns again, I could for ever eye
 The Graces that adorn thy lovely Shape.
 Blest in thy Constancy, no Dangers shall
 Approach th' sacred Throne of Love, and while
 The Rage of Horror spreads, thy tender Love
 Shall still preserve my Peace; I'll hush thy Cares
 And be a guardian Angel to EUGENIA:
 But why these Apprehensions? when our Hopes
 Prefage both Happiness and future Rest.

EUGENIA.

I hope they do, and all shall meet in peace:
 So my ALTHIRA let us not repine,
 Since 'twas no Crime, but adverse Chance of War,
 That made us thus; we'll trust celestial Aid;
 Perhaps our Prayers have reach'd the sacred Seat,
 And

And but few Moments, till we're safe and free :
Therefore with Patience we'll suspend our Grief.

ALTHIRA.

Tears, it is true, are fruitless, spent in vain ;
Yet when sweet Recollection fills our Thoughts,
And happy past Ideas rise in view,
Who can avoid to mourn this abject State ?

EUGENIA.

When happy Scenes break on the troubled Mind,
Our present Woes receive but small Suppression.

ORMANUS.

O beauteous Maids, your Virtues sure deserve
A better Lot, and claim a bright Reward.

SCENE II. *Enter* EGBERT, EDWIN, &c.

EGBERT.

EDWIN convey these *Britons* to the Sight
Of royal PENDA, who expects their Presence
To gratify the valiant OSMOND's Will.

EDWIN.

Captives, the King is pleas'd to mark your Doom.

ORMANUS.

Now my brave Friends comes on our destiny,
But arm yourselves, and let these Tyrants know.
'Tis Virtue that yields Courage to our Breasts.
Let not their Threats pervert ye from the Ways
Of righteous Heav'n, and the Christian Faith ;
Who buys his Liberty against that Faith
Shall feel his Conscience, like a greedy Vulture
Gnaw on his Heart, nor terminate his Pains
With the vile Frame he sold his God to free ;
But Rage when Death and Time shall be no more.
Come my ALTHIRA, and my fair EUGENIA,
We must obey the great Decree of Heav'n ;

If

If it be Death, more welcome let it be
Than foul Dishonour and her impious Train.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III. *A Prospect of a Camp.*

*Tents are discovered on each Side at the Extremity of the Stage—*PENDA *on a Throne, OSMOND, Officers, Guards. and Attendants.*

PENDA.

Thanks to the Gods, this Day hath been propitious:
The setting Sun on yonder Hill displays
His feeble Beams, and greets our glorious Conquest:
Taught by our Arms, the Briton lies abased,
And prostrate, fears his wretched Country's Fall.
Our Son's Arrival crowns this happy Eve
With universal Joy; 'tis my Command
That it diffuse through all our val'rous Bands;
Thy Brav'ry OSMOND, charms my hardy Soul,
Charms ev'ry *Mercian*, and so great thy Deeds,
That no Reward can equal them.—Speak thy Wish,
Whatever PENDA can bestow is thine.

OSMOND.

What *Mercian* can demand the least Reward?
Who can assert a Prize by Valour won?
When thou, my Liege, so far excell'd the bravest:
Gods! with what Wonder did I view thy Feats?
Methought some Deity had ta'en thy Form,
For every Action mark'd a Pow'r supreme.

PENDA.

Hence with this servile Flatt'ry? I abhor it;
Leave it for fawning Sycophants, who choose
A Life inactive and inglorious.
A Soldier should be blunt, the Toils of War,
The Labours of the Field require such Roughness:—

I

I prais'd thee not with Blasts of Adulation,
But rate thee as thy Bravery deserves.

OSMOND.

If by my Deeds I merit any Praise,
I give it to my Country's Worth; for her,
And for my King I draw the Sword, nor shall
This Hand turn back, or shrink appall'd at Death,
When Honour and my Country's Wrongs command me,
But if the Conquest owes the least to me,
In this the Scope of my Ambition lies,
Nor hath it more Extent, than to desire
The Slaves, which by your Promise now are mine.

PENDA.

Unbounded Favour thou hast well deserv'd;
Much Honour by this Conquest have we won;
The Britons used to Toil, are grown more fierce
Than even Mercia's Sons, the Heirs of War.
One did I note, as to our Camp he march'd,
Who in majestic Port excell'd the rest,
Stern was his Mien, an unknown Dignity
Sat on his Brow, and mark'd his Steps with Awe,
He seem'd to scorn the Iron on his Limbs;
No Terror painted on his Countenance:
Did you observe him OSMOND? on his Helmet
Rich Plumes of sanguine red in Splendor play'd,
Though but a youthful Soldier.

OSMOND.

My Lord, I did.
The Party I commanded took the Slave,
Who as a Tyger rush'd upon my Breast;
But when the Jav'lin fell'd him to the Earth,
And Mercia's Soldiers hem'd him in from Flight;
He met Captivity with sullen Sternness,
While Rage and Scorn reign'd equally alternate:

PENDA.

PENDA.

Is he so brave? then we will try his Strength,
Should he provoke our Wrath within this Mound?

[A Flourish]

Hark! the shrill Trumpets sound our Son's Approach!

SCENE IV. *Enter* ETHELRED, OFFA, &c.

Welcome, ETHELRED, to thy Father's Arms;

ETHELRED.

[Kneeling.]

Health to my royal Sov'reign, and long Life,
May Conquest ever signalize thy Deeds;
While Fame reveals them to the distant World,

PENDA.

The Gods preserve thee Boy and make thee brave,
Hardy, and valiant to support these Conquests.
Once more in gladsome Triumph do we meet;
The last was when the proud *Northumbrian* fell;
'Then to our Capitol thou gav'st us welcome!
Viewing thy gallant Manner, 'twas my Wish,
That thou might'st prove greater in Arms than I,
And if the Gods had Happiness to grant
Beyond the present which I now enjoy,
I would have yielded all for thy arrival.
Here to have shewn thy first Exploits i'th' Field,

ETHELRED.

It was my ardent Wish, yet since the Gods
Thought in their Wisdom better to prevent it,
Your Vict'ry crowns my Wishes with Content.

PENDA.

Thanks ETHELRED, but dwells our State in Safety?
From Faction free, and from the Blast of War?

ETHELRED.

'Twas rumour'd in our Court, e'er I set forth;

E

That

That the *Northumbrians*, factious and divided,
 Had still confirm'd *Oswy* in *Bernicia*;
 While the *Deirians* jealous of his Pow'r,
 Chose *ADELWALT* Successor to slain *Oswin* :
 The Tale confirms that both are levying Force;
 But whether to oppose each others Pow'r,
 Or both combine against some neighb'ring State,
 Remains as yet uncertain.

PENDA.
 Should they dare
 To turn their Arms on us, or from this War
 Recall our Troops, 'tis not their Combinations
 Though with the Island join'd, averts their Ruin;
 In both their States I'll ravage ev'ry Town,
 Bring them to Bondage, and in Desolation
 Leave their whole Kingdom barren as a Desert.

OSMOND.
 Methinks their Fate when *OSWALD* reign'd supreme,
 Might well deter them from a *Mercian* War.

PENDA.
 The Punishment inflicted them was light;
 But if they blindly urge our Wrath again,
 We will return Revenge in such a Storm,
 That Ages hence the Loss shall gall their State.
 Say, my *ETHELRED*, when thou leftst our Courts,
 Was there not Force sufficient to oppose them;
 To stem the Torrent, dare they pour it on us?

ETHELRED.
 My Brothers, *WULFER*, *MEROWALD* and *MERCELM*,
 Keep now on Foot, sufficient to repel
 The mightiest Pow'r these Kings can lead against us.

PENDA.
 Let them secure their own Dominions well,
 Or they shall meet the Fate of those approaching.

SCENE

SCENE V. Enter EGBERT, EDWIN with

ORMANUS, EUGENIA, ALTHIRA, *Prisoners*

and Guards.

PENDA. The Tale confirms this leaving Force,

Well Britons, Ye have seen your City's Fall,

Your Walls and Houses sink in spreading Flames;

Will ye adore our Gods, embrace our Cause,

And live as Servants, not our servile Slaves.

Or else be *Christians* still, consume your Lives

With Pain and Misery in *Mercian* Mines?

Declare your Choice; if ye adore our Gods,

No longer Foes, our Power shall protect you,

And into Joy convert those Looks of Woe.

ORMANUS.

PENDA, Our Souls disdain these proffer'd Terms

Of vile-bought Freedom, hated Liberty.

Numbers, long Time, and Toil may level Rocks,

Raze Mountains, or fill up a hideous Chasm;

But all Attempts upon the steady Mind

Are vain, when conscious Virtue aids her Cause;

Its Self-sufficiency like armed Legions,

Affixes each *Briton* to retain his Truth

To Heav'n, his Country's Welfare, and his King.

PENDA.

What so haughty in thy Chains thou stubborn Slave,

Soon shall that steady Pride dissolve to Meekness.

OSMOND.

My Liege, behold the Captives which I claim.

PENDA.

OSMOND receive them, for such Deeds as thine

Deserve the Fair; and may their Beauty crown

Thy Valour and thy Toil with grateful Love.

E 2

ORMANUS.

ORMANUS.

Hold PENDA, hold, they shall be ransom'd;
Our Mountains leaden Entrails shall discharge
Above thy Expectation for their Freedom.

PENDA.

All Pris'ners won in War, the Soldiers claim;
If they will yield them for the sake of Ransom,
'Tis their own Pleasure; our Care is to reward
The bravest Soldier with the fairest Prize.

OSMOND.

I will not yield them for the World's great Empire,
Gods! would a Soldier brave the Toils of War,
Did not fair Love attend to crown these Toils!

EUGENIA.

O mighty King, if ever Mercy yet,
If ever Pity pleaded in thy Breast,
Yield to my Griefs; chang'd from a happy State,
My Hopes all lost in this destructive Day.

PENDA.

Lady, my Oath confirms you to this Prince,
He's noble, and will treat you with esteem.

EUGENIA.

O give me not up a Captive to the Wretch,
Who in my Presence slew my hapless Friends.

PENDA.

Now by great WODEN! for his valiant Deeds,
Worlds should not ransom you.

ETHELRED.

O sov'reign Lord,
Be not too rash, restore these Captives back,
And their Posterity shall bless thy Name,
As some protecting God.

PENDA.

No more ETHELRED,
'Tis PENDA has decreed, and as a God
His Word's for ever sacred.

ALTHIRA.

ALTHIRA.

Would thou extend,
And make thy Fame deserving of a King,
Whom Heav'n's high Hand hath granted to subdue,
Accept of Ransom and release us hence.

PENDA.

I'll not be baited by a Woman thus;
OSMOND take heed thy Slaves are not offensive.

ETHELRED.

For Pity save them! —

PENDA.

ETHELRED forbear;
I lack not thy Advice, they are his Slaves.

ORMANUS.

Say, will no Ransom gratify thy Av'rice?

PENDA.

No; not the costly Gems of Eastern Climes,
Not all the World itself should ransom them:
Let us no more be troubled on this Business,
But instantly convey them from our Presence.

OSMOND.

EGBERT, conduct these fair ones to thy Tent.

EUGENIA. [Kneeling to PENDA.]

Ah no! recall those Words: here will I fall,
Not all your Force shall tear me from your Feet,
Until your Heart in tender Softness melt.

PENDA. [To OSMOND.]

Take them away or yield them to the Britons.

OSMOND.

Hence EGBERT, and obey.

ORMANUS.

Kneel not, EUGENIA,
To that savage Wretch.

PENDA.

By WODEN it is hard

I cannot be obey'd; bear them away

If thou art willing to preserve our Favour.

ORMANUS.

No; thou shalt not part us! Slaves break your Hold.

They seize EUGENIA and ALTHIRA.

Confine me not ye Fiends.—O cursed Mercians,

O barb'rous cruel Dogs.

EUGENIA and ALTHIRA.

O save—O PENDA—*[They are forced off by*
 EGBERT and Guards.

SCENE VI. PENDA, ETHELRED, OS-
 MOND, OFFA, &c. ORMANUS, Prisoners
 and Guards.

ETHELRED. *[Aside.]*

This is beyond my Fortitude to bear,

Should I stay longer they'd esteem me *British*.

My gracious Liege permit me to retire, *[To PENDA.]*

This hasty March hath overpow'd my Strength.

PENDA.

You may, and soon expect me in my Tent.

Exit ETHELRED.

SCENE VII.

Briton, I come to conquer all thy Country;

Those Mountains vainly deem'd impassable,

Shall soon confess and own another Lord.

To win this Country was our firm Intent;

And not to traffick with ignoble Robbers,

Who dwell on Mountains and infest our Borders.

What dost thou think we're Russians for thy Wealth?

ORMANUS.

I do, and know you worse—for treach'rous Russians!

Go

EUGENIA.

31

Go look on yonder Ashes, no City now;
Where our brave Heroes grasp'd the goary Dust;
Where OSMOND, void of Pity, plung'd the Sword
Deep in the Matron and the suckling Babe.

OSMOND.

Audacious Slave, thou dost belie my Deeds;
Did I disgrace my Monarch or my Country?

ORMANUS.

No! for by Heav'n 'tis like he did the same;
Thy Country's base and worthy of such Deeds.
Thou smooth-tongu'd Villain, there thou didst perform
Such monstrous Crimes, such horrid Deeds of Ill,
That shrink my Soul with Horror but to think on:
By perjur'd Treachery thou burnt our City,
By it thy Ancestors possess'd our Isle.

OFFA.

Reflect no more, thou contumacious Slave,
On the Posterity of mighty WODEN.

ORMANUS.

Curst be your WODEN and your evil Gods,
Those Gods that taught their high ambitious Souls
To ruinate Mankind, and be their Scourge.
Curst be your wily, servile Arts, that first
Deceiv'd and tamely led our Forefathers.
When cloak'd with Amity, fallacious HENGIST,
Brought the weak VORTIGERN, and all the Flow'rs
Of British Nobles to his Sports, unarm'd;
Who came suspecting nought of Ill: then did
Inhuman HENGIST like a bloody Fiend,
Command his base Assassins to destroy them,
And all were slaughter'd there, save our weak King:
So Treach'ry did what Arms could not effect.

PENDRAGON.

Thou haughty Youth, did not your VORTIGERN,
Unable to defend his own Dominions,

With

With supplicating Pray'rs intreat their Aid
 Against the neighb'ring *Pia*, your constant Foes,
 Who but for them had swept you from the Earth?
 In Friendship first they came, though the Neglect
 Of Subsidies did make them otherwise.

ORMANUS.

Necessity and Hunger sent them here;
 Long did they view our fruitful plenteous Spot
 With avaricious Looks and greedy Eyes;
 Loathing their own unfertile barren Soil,
 Blasted with Winds and nip'd with killing Frost;
 The Air sharp as its Natives. True 'tis they came
 As Friends to fight, our Hirelings did they come;
 By us made proud they grew presumptuous,
 Ingratitude stirr'd up their impious Hands
 Against their Masters Lives, who kindly sav'd
 Their abject Souls from Beggary and Contempt.

OSMOND.

False are thy Words thou young imperious Slave;
 Well have we shewn our Valour in this Isle,
 Which shines confess'd around great *PENDA's* Throne.

ORMANUS.

And thine shall shine in Hell thou savage Fiend;
 Ne'er hadst thou liv'd to slay a Child again,
 Had not thy Party timely rescued thee;
 Curse on them, had they not interven'd, I'd torn
 A Passage to your Heart and serv'd the World.

OSMOND.

Had I not had Compassion on thy Youth,
 I should have nip'd thee like a budding Flow'r,
 Pluck'd by a Trav'ler's Hand; and yet my Sword
 Would not have rested with so poor a Meal.

ORMANUS.

Thou liest false *Mercian*! Cleft I not thy Shield?
 But Honour is not thine; — 'tis Love of Spoils

That

That hurries Thee impatient to the War. (EGBERT
Yet righteous Heav'n shall pity our Distress, Winters
Shall hear our Prayers, and heap his Vengeance
Arm'd in his Thunder on thy sinful Head,
Thou treach'rous King as perjured as the Fiends.

EGBERT.

Thy Chains shall not protect thy Insolence.

[Strikes ORMANUS.

ORMANUS.

Nor guilty Power thine. — [Strikes EGBERT.

PENDA.

Guards seize the Slave!
No more the Sun shall cheer you with his Beams;
That Blow hath seal'd thy Doom — to instant Death
Drag the imperious Wretch so proud in Bonds.

ORMANUS.

I suffer nobly in a glorious Cause;
Come Slaves, lead me to my welcome Fate. [Going.

PENDA.

Yet stay; he hath blasphem'd our Deities;
He dies before their Altars; haste to our Priests,
Tell them to deck eternal WODEN's Temple;
Before the Sun appears a Victim bleeds.

Exit an Officer.

Our loving Cousin take him to thy Charge,
Be careful of his Person that he 'scape not.

OSMOND.

Well hath my royal Monarch done this Day:
The Slave for such Abuse of Clemency
He might have shar'd, deserves a ling'ring Death.

PENDA.

And that he shall experience e'er 'tis Morn.
OFFA do you conduct these Britons back,
To-morrow shall they to your Hopes be shar'd;
None shall repine — this Night we must employ

In useful Counsel to support our Conquest.—

Let all attend me quickly in my Tent.

[*Exeunt* PENDA, &c.]

SCENE VIII.

OSMOND. [*Aside to* EGBERT.

EGBERT convey him to the Captives Sight,
Tell them 'twas my Command that brought him there.
'Twill raise at least the Tribute of Respect, [*To himself*.
And lessen much her Hate.

EGBERT.

My Lord, with Care
I shall perform my Task—Attend me Slave.

[*to* ORMANUS.

ORMANUS.

What am I doom'd again to part with you
My valiant Countrymen—why then farewell!
I scorn their Favours as I scorn their Gods.
Remember you are Britons—to farewell.

Exeunt severally EGBERT, ORMANUS and Guards.

OFFA, Prisoners and Guards.

SCENE IX. OSMOND *solus*.

My Fame now rises born on lofty Wings,
And sits secure above the envious World:
My King still views me with the Eyes of Friendship;
Curse on that MY—I was not born to serve,
The Gods ordain'd such Souls as mine for Empire;
O how Ambition quickning at the Thought,
Soars as an Eagle far above my State.
Were PENDA dead—ay there the Danger lies,
While that he lives his Will must be obey'd. (*pausing*.
Ha! what a glorious Prospect's in my View.
Hence I will scorn Submission to his Pow'r,

Bc

Be like myself, and meet him as a King. —
But stay, I run too fast — Divisions here
Might hurl the Army in one common Ruin.
Of Friends and Foes promiscuous — there's need of Art,
For PENDA might discern this foul Design,
And nip my Glories in the Bud. — He thinks
I'm true and loyal, mindful of his Weal;
And so I am to serve Ambition's scope!
His Confidence shall be my Path to Glory:
Ill gloss my Falshood with such seeming Friendship,
That my Intentions shall remain unknown,
'Till by his Death I seize the Reins of Empire.
The Soldiers too revere me, then what
Resistance can the boyish Princes make,
When they behold me succour'd by the Army.
Though WULFER rages, I regard it not,
He shall not rage long when I possess the Crown:
ETHELRED's mild and soon will yield it up;
The rest I fear not, for they cannot hurt me. —
Yet though heroic Ardour fires my Soul,
Although I glory in the Name of Soldier,
A softer Flame now triumphs in my Breast;
I love that Maid, and by the Gods I serve,
Her Charms shall yield unto my eager Wish.
Perhaps she will refuse my proffer'd Love;
But when she sees the Briton stretch'd in Death,
She'll own my Pow'r, and seek a Warrior's Arms.

SCENE X. *Enter to him* EGBERT.

OSMOND.

Well, how succeeds my Scheme upon the Captives?

EGBERT.

How can the Schemes of OSMOND ever fail?

My Words were scarcely utter'd, when prostrate

With Hands uplifted, and with pious Pray'r,
She heap'd her fervent Blessings on thy Head.

OSMOND.
'Tis well EUGENIA's Heart may yet be won,
And I shall reign triumphant o'er her Charms.

EGBERT.
I hope you will, but gen'rous OSMOND hear,
Thy fair EUGENIA has a captive Friend,
The bright ALTHIRA, — you can guess my Wish.
But I'm too bold; I see thy Eyes dart Anger.

OSMOND.
Mistake not, EGBERT, I will make her thine,
EUGENIA's Charms inspire my Soul with Love :
For as my Arm pursu'd the 'trepid Foe,
They fled, and pass'd a magnificent Palace;
Contrary to my Nature in the Fight
I stopp'd alone — the *Mercian* Troops pursu'd;
A secret Impulse spur'd me on — I enter'd,
And found it quite deserted by the Foe :
Its Beauty struck me, and I gaz'd a while,
'Till sudden Sighs pierc'd thro' my 'tentive Ear,
Which seem'd to issue from a Room adjacent :
A marble Stair-case led me, till I found
A royal Chapel, sacred to their God ;
Superb indeed, beyond my weak Expression.
From thence descending by a different Way,
My Steps convey'd me to a spacious Hall ;
The Pillars seem'd of Marble interweav'd
With radiant Gold ; the lofty Cieling wrought
With nicest Art and Care, and in the Centre
The Beauties of the Spring were carv'd in Gold,
From which adorning Wreaths of Flowers spread.
Their ancient Stories painted on the Walls
Seem'd animated by the Artist's Skill.
Reclining on a splendid crimson Couch

These

These *Christians* sat, e'en beautiful in Tears
 Women Attendants compass'd them about;
 When I approach'd two haughty *Britons* drew,
 And both united dar'd to bar my Passage;
 The Women kneel'd, imploring my Compassion;
 EUGENIA swoon'd, and all appear'd Disorder:
 The Slaves, who urg'd their hasty Fate, I flew;
 And when the Fair awoke she kneel'd in Silence.
 Her Beauty and her Tears had equal Pow'r
 To charm Resentment and attract our Love.
 Safely I brought them from amid the Storm,
 Consign'd them to an Officer, with Charge
 Of civil Usage, but of close Confinement.
 Returning to the Fight, I met the Slave
 That struck you, and traduc'd our holy Gods.

EGBERT.

Had not the Presence of the King restrain'd
 The Rage that near had burst me to conceal,
 By THOR, I'd sheath'd my Sword within the Breast
 Of the insulting Wretch!

OSMOND.

EGBERT, be calm;
 Before the Sun returns that Blow's reveng'd.

EGBERT.

Let him whose Spirit brooks such Injuries
 Be calm, a *Mercian's* Honour is more sacred
 Gods! what derided by a Slave! a *Briton*!
 Take a vile Blow!

OSMOND.

I charge thee, calm this Rage!
 Why EGBERT, who am I? why must I bear
 This Tumult of thy overcharged Passion?

EGBERT.

My Lord, I've done.

OSMOND.

OSMOND.

Nay, I'm not offended! —

But since he dies what need of more Revenge?

EGBERT, I want thy Aid to plead my Love;

If you can bend EUGENIA with my Fame,

Possess ALTHIRA as thy due Reward.

EGBERT.

OSMOND, whate'er I can effect by Art,

By Stratagem or Fraud, it shall be done:

If I succeed this Night shall crown your Wishes.

OSMOND.

EGBERT, it shall; if not by Love, by Force;

I am not us'd to wait with dull Impatience;

Let me have Beauty easy to my Pleasure,

Without the tedious Season of a Suitor. —

I'll to her now, while yet her Breast glows warm

In tender Gratitude for what I've done;

Then plead my Flame and win the lovely Maid.

When with the King in Council I debate,

Be thou assiduous to gain this Fair.

EGBERT.

Doubt not my Lord.

OSMOND.

'Till then farewell.

EGBERT.

Farewell. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE XI. EGBERT's Tent.

ORMANUS in Chains, EUGENIA, ALTHIRA, and
at a Distance Guards.

ALTHIRA.

I could be happy in this wretched State,
Did not unwonted Care, and gloomy Grief
Seem to sit heavy on thy Countenance.

What

What can these Tyrants mean? do they intend
Compassion of our Wrongs—But ah! that's far
Beyond my Expectation.—Why dost thou sigh?

EUGENIA.
Turn not away, ORMANUS, we can share
Thy Sorrows and Afflictions e'en to Death;
Tears have long kept their Mansion in my Eyes,
Grief drew them first, Excess of it hath stop'd them.

ORMANUS.
Then let them do their worst, they shall not part us;
Our Innocence will be the Care of Heav'n;
Secure with that, and blest with friendly Love,
(For I'll not claim EUGENIA, 'till the Priest
With nuptial Rites shall sanctify our Flame;)
We'll pass Captivity in such a State,
That Pomp shall be a Mockery to it.—
Here comes the Fiend, our Country's greatest Curse,
That Villain OSMOND, who beholds you both
With Eyes of guilty Love; vain of his Valour,
He thinks not of Repulse; if he should wound
Your virtuous Hearing with unhallow'd Love,
Receive his Passion with an Indignation
Worthy of a Briton,

SCENE XII. Enter OSMOND.

OSMOND.
Hail charming Maid! [To EUGENIA.
Behold an untaught Soldier at your Feet,
Whose Captive's Charms have slav'd her Conqueror.
Why sits that Frown upon thy scornful Brow?
My Pow'r can loose that haughty Briton's Chains,
Can give him Freedom, or can doom his Death

EUGENIA.
Tygers know well the Pow'r which Nature lends,
And thou know'st thine.—

OSMOND.

OSMOND.

Thy Will shall rule that Pow'r ;
In thee the Freedom of the whole is center'd,

EUGENIA.

In me ! O tell ; and I'll with Speed perform it !
Straight I'll divest myself of Woman's Fear,
And meet e'en Death to yield my Friends their Free-

OSMOND. dom.

A gentler Task than that shall crown my Wish,
Shall give that *Briton* Liberty and Life —
The Flattery of Courts I hold in Scorn ;
Rough War, the Toils and Hardships of the Field
Have made me plain of Speech ; but I am truer
Than e'er a Courtier, who with florid Speech
Dissembles Flames that he could never feel.
If thou wilt yield unto my ardent Flame,
In *Mercia's* Court thou shalt be OSMOND's Queen.

EUGENIA.

Mercian away ! thou'rt odious as thy Flame !
What though thy Blood runs in a Line with Kings,
They may do Deeds Unworthiness might blush at.

OSMOND.

Hold thy Impiety ! tho' I have own'd
A Weakness far beneath me, on a Wretch
Worthless as thou art —

ORMANUS.

How *Mercian* ! worthless !
Worthless of thy Love ?

OSMOND.

Ay, slavish *Briton* !
Worthless as thou art of my Sword !

ORMANUS.

Hear Heaven ! [Kneeling.
If 'tis my Lot to perish in this Camp,
Grant me e'er that to wield thy Sword of Vengeance.
As thy dread Thunder use me on this Wretch,
And

And then afflict me with severest Death !
O *Mercian* ! had I Steel to meet thy Arms,
I would appal thy Heart with such a Weight
Should mingle thy vile Corpse with common Earth.

OSMOND.

By *THOR*, thou Slave, thy Life shall answer this ;
What ! shall I stay to bear these scurril Taunts,
And bear them tamely ! Thou, charming *Briton* !

[To *EUGENIA*,

Should cast an Eye upon thy wretched State,
And on my Passion, Fortune, Pow'r and Grandeur ;
So fare thee well, and think upon my Offer.
As for you, *Briton*, I will be reveng'd

[To *ORMANUS*.

For all thy Insolence ; — so fare thee well.

Exit OSMOND.

ORMANUS.

Would I could meet thee as thy Crimes deserve !

ALTHIRA.

In what a Fury did the Wretch depart !
Did he not threaten at thy precious Life ?
Did he not talk of swift Revenge, and Death ?

EUGENIA.

O ! it was Rashness to excite his Rage !
My Fears present thee breathless on the Earth !

ORMANUS.

Thou dream'st *EUGENIA*, I thought thy Breast
Had born a Spirit more resign'd to Fate :
Yet calm these Fears, for *OSMOND* dare not lift
His Arm against us ; so the King commands.
But come, the cloudy Night steals on in cold ;
Let us retire into our corded Prison :

G

Smile

Smile in our Bonds, by Virtue's Laws secur'd,
 And though within this hostile Camp immur'd,
 Let not their Threats o'er Honour's Gem prevail,
 But wait 'till Heaven's high Justice turn the Scale.

III

[Exeunt into the Tent.]

End of the Second Act.



ACT



A C T III.

SCENE I. *The British Camp.*

CADWALLYNE, ALBANACT, ELIUD, &c.
and Soldiers.

CADWALLYNE.

NOW with due Order let our Britons march;
Let it be silent as is our Intent,
Still as the mantled Night, which kindly spreads
Her Clouds around, and yields us Hopes of Conquest.
Three hundred Horse be thine, old ELIUD,
For more might stop our vig'rous Enterprize,
And render this our great Design abortive.
Behind their Camp a spacious Valley lies,
Fenc'd round with Woods, and stock'd with limpid
Streams;
There watch the Foe, and when if so it happen,
They fly, and leave us Masters of the Camp,
Oppose the Course of their retreating Troops.
To all give Quarter that shall it implore;
It much befits us, that we should employ
Pity as well as Courage to subdue.
But haste thee, ELIUD, and lead forth thy Charge;
You know the Pass, 'tis difficult and long,
A Circuit round yon Eastern high Mountains;
So Policy directs t' avoid the Foe;
'Twould be our Ruin should you be discern'd.

G 2

ELIUD

ELIUD.
 I'll hence, and with new Ardour fire my Troops,
 Raising their languid Looks with gladsome Hopes,
 And tell them what our Ancestors have done,
 When that they stain'd their Shores with *Roman* Blood,
 And, fir'd by Liberty, in joint Resolve,
 They drove great CÆSAR and his vet'ran Host
 Long us'd to War, and powerful in Arms.

CADWALLYNE.

ELIUD farewell! thou long hast fought our Cause,
 If thou arriv'st in Safety, straight dispatch
 Our trusty ELFRID to the Vale of Elms.

ELIUD.

My Liege, I shall obey. — Farewell to all.

Exit ELIUD.

CADWALLYNE.

Myself with EDGAR, and four hundred Foot
 Will force our Entrance at the Western Side;
 While ALBANACT, do you with equal Force
 Begin Destruction on the Southern Quarter.

SCENE II. *Enter to them EDGAR.*

EDGAR.

My Lord, your Troops are all prepar'd to march,
 And wait your speedy Presence with Impatience;
 Restraint grows hard, and Action warms their Breasts;
 Like neighing Steeds that hear the Trumpets found,
 They wait reluctant in their order'd Files.

CADWALLYNE.

Then let us on, and may this Ardour prove
 A happy Omen to our future Hopes.

Exeunt CADWALLYNE, ALBANACT,

EDGAR, &c.

SCENE

SCENE III. *The Mercian Camp.*

OSMOND and EGBERT meeting.

OSMOND.

Well EGBERT, say, did you enforce my Cause?

EGBERT.

My Lord I did, but fear 'tis all in vain;

When I first enter'd there I found EUGENIA

In close Embraces with the haughty Briton,

While Tears of Love stood on their trembling Cheeks,

He was exhorting her in steadfast Hate

To your firm Passion and against our Gods.

When I declar'd your Love, and prais'd your Valour,

Your Pow'r in Mercia, nearness to the Kings,

And the Regard her Charms inspir'd you with,

E'er I had done, advancing in a Rage,

The surly Briton with opprobrious Terms,

Nam'd me thy Pandar, thou a lawless Slave.

OSMOND.

Vile Ingrate! to-Morrow shall his Insults end.

But I will not defer my Bliss 'till then.—

EGBERT away, and bear the Women to my Tent,

But leave the Briton to condole his Fate:

Let their Intreaties and their Tears be vain;

Mind that thou art not mov'd.

EGBERT.

Why that Caution?

Dost thou suspect I'm not a Mercian then?

Tears should not move them.

OSMOND.

Yet too oft they do;

As our mild Prince, whose weak Humility

Attracts his Father's and his Country's Rage.

No Climes are clear of Fools, they will shoot up

Like

Like Weeds in every Soil.—but EGBERT hence.

EGBERT.

OSMOND, I'm gone, since that ALTHIRA's Charms,
By thy great Goodness shall be my Reward.

OSMOND.

I've pass'd my Word, this Night she shall be thine,
And if her Beauty or her Charms beget
Your Happiness, be happy. — For if rude Force
Must vanquish their soft Forms, then bear her off
At thy own Choice; the Action shall confirm it.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E IV. EGBERT's Tent

Enter ORMANUS, EUGENIA, and ALTHIRA

ORMANUS.

Let's forth, my fair Companions in Affliction,
Now weary Nature ceases from her Toil;
For Grief immur'd within a Tent's small Circuit,
Where no enticing Object charms the Eye,
Adds Weight to Suff'rance: but when Heav'n's in view,
We may contemplate on these blessed Mansions.
Methinks the Stars which glimmer thro' the Clouds
Bewail our Grievs, refusing of their Influence.
Nay, they resemble much our present State;
The gloomy Vapours which obscure their Lustre
Are like Misfortunes which attend the Virtuous;
But Time revolving in a little Space,
Shall soon dispel these Clouds and clear the Sky.
So Heav'n, (the virtuous Mind its chiefest Care,)
All Pow'r repels that's impious or unjust,
And then reveals the steady Mind triumphant.
Why do ye terrify yourselves, my fair Ones
With Fears absurd, the glorious Sun declin'd, you

EUGENIA.

47

And sunk, immerg'd within the Western Ocean;
Then Darkness casts her Mantle on the Earth,
Which now appears in Mourning for his Loss:
In a short Time he rises in the East,
Bright and celestial as the Hand that form'd him:
So shall we shine in Splendor, tho' not Glory.

EUGENIA.

Yet still my Soul is gloomy as this Night,
A secret Horror preys on ev'ry Sense,
And tells me that some fated Mischief's near.

ORMANUS.

Fear not my Love, unjust is Diffidence:
Terror shall seize the Tyrant on his Throne,
(Cover'd by Guards and crouded with his Slaves)
Sooner than enter in a virtuous Soul.
The guilty Cruel ne'er are free from Fear;
While those whom conscious Guilt did ne'er appal,
Smile in their Dangers, and securely dare
A Tyrant trembling to the Deed of Blood:
Endeavour to preserve your Honour safe;
Let Heav'n direct the rest.

ALTHIRA.

Dost thou suspect
That we can own the Tyrant Pagan's Lust?

EUGENIA.

Rather let Death embrace me in his Grasp.—

ORMANUS.

Perish the Thought which could suspect thy Virtue:
No, your spotless Lives have been illustrious,
In Honour's List deep are your Names enroll'd.
'Twas but my Wish, to arm your Souls with Strength
When I shall mourn your Absence.—None are free;
Error attends us, one unguarded Hour
May compass that which Ages could not gain:
But bear your Fate as it becomes your Faith.

Ha!

Ha! who comes here? it is that *Mercian's* Pandar!

SCENE V. *Enter to them* EGBERT.

EGBERT.

Briton, 'tis order'd for your further safeguard,
That you remain alone; while you, fair Captives,
Shall meet with Happiness and noble Treatment.

ALTHIRA.

Ah no! recall those horrid Words, they strike
Like dreadful Thunder to destroy our Peace:

EUGENIA.

Since we are doom'd to Chains let us not part,
And we will bear the worst you can inflict.

EGBERT.

I must not disobey my Chieftain's Orders;
Attend me strait, I'll guide you to a Place
Where Blessings wait your Presence;— nay, fear not,
I'll see that Care and Safety wait your Persons.

ORMANUS.

Thou talk of Safety! Thou! inhuman Villain!
Yes, as the Kite shews Pity to the Dove! —

EGBERT.

'Tis vain to waste the Time in idle Talk,
OSMOND's Commands by Force shall be obey'd.

EUGENIA.

What must we part! O Heaven, have Mercy yet!
And send thy pitying Angels to assist us!

ALTHIRA.

Why was I born to be so wretch'd a Mortal!
Why didst thou doom us to the Gulf of Misery?

EGBERT.

By THOR I will not parley thus! Away.

[*Seizing* EUGENIA.

ORMANUS.

Hands off, base Pandar, Slave unhand her strait,

[*Striking* EGBERT.

Or

Or by yon Sky I'll spurn thee to the Earth,
And with these Chains let out thy dastard Soul!
Hence from my Sight, thy Breath infects the Air!

EGBERT.
This Arrogance thou shalt repent! What Ho!

[To them an Officer and Guards.

EUGENIA.
O Mercian Pity!

ALTHIRA.
Save our Hearts this Grief!

EGBERT.
Ye plead in vain.——Seize that audacious Slave,
And doubly gall his Limbs with heavier Chains,
Who rashly dares to disregard our Pow'r.

[Part seize EUGENIA and ALTHIRA,
and part ORMANUS.

ORMANUS.
Inhuman Mercian!

EUGENIA.
O spare us EGBERT!

EGBERT.
Tis vain,—bear them away,—and fetter him
Down to the solid Centre of his Tent.

[They force EUGENIA and ALTHIRA off.

ORMANUS
O savage Dogs, give me my EUGENIA. [struggling.

EGBERT.
Obey me Slaves, and bear him in with Speed.
There let him vent his Rage unto the Winds.

ORMANUS.
O Villains! Robbers! tear her not from me—Oh!

[They force him in.

Exit EGBERT.

H SCENE

SCENE VI. *The Inside of a royal Tent.*

PENDA, ÆTHELRÆD, OSMOND, OFFA, &c.

are discovered in Council.

PENDA.

Our Loss by this Account is double theirs,
 Yet still the Plumes of Victory we wear,
 Which long hung doubtful hov'ring o'er our Heads,
 Yet 'tis but small since that the only Bar,
 Which stop'd th' Advancement of our Arms is down.
 The high montaneous Country lies before us,
 The Britons all supine in Negligence,
 Nothing surmise of this impending Blow.

OSMOND.

Then what remains, but that we quickly spread,
 And bear our crested Ravens in the Air,
 Then pour our Vengeance o'er their shady Vales,
 And extirpate them e'er they levy Force.

PENDA.

It likes us well,—but what says ÆTHELRÆD?

ÆTHELRÆD.

My Lord, I must confess my humbler Thoughts
 Were bent on Peace, too long hath greedy War
 Assum'd her rigid Front, and made this World
 Seem half unpeopled by her hideous Train.

PENDA.

By the great Thunderer, our mighty THOR!
 No Peace shall Mercia to these Britons yield,
 'Till ev'ry City smoak like flaming Troy;
 'Till that this Arm shall bear despotic Sway;
 The Britons then in Bondage shall remain.
 To-Morrow set we forward on our March;
 And OSMOND, thou of all our Arms shall win,

Shall

Shall rule and hold of us as *Cambria's* Lord.
 A chosen Band of *Mercians* shalt thou have;
 To keep those conquer'd *Britons* in their Bonds;
 But lest their Numbers spread *Rebellion's* Seeds;
 Part shall be sent to toil in *Mercia's* Mines,
 And here in *Cambria*, let it be your Care
 To plunge them deep within the noisome Bowels
 Of their high, native, and aspiring Mountains:
 Never let them behold the sacred Sun
 Who do so impiously deny his Pow'r.

OSMOND.

Fear not, my Lord, I hate these *Christian* Slaves;
 By *THOR*, I would extirpate all their Race!
 Yet they shall live, but live in Slavery,
 Who curse our Gods, and call them fancied Idols.

PENDA.

Ay, but to-Morrow, e'er a Tent is struck,
 The Slave expires at their injured Altars.

ETHELRED.

O royal Sir, grant but your Son a Hearing; —
 How far supreme would Glory mount with Fame,
 And ecchoe Praises from yet unborn Worlds,
 If to thy Valour thou would Pity join;
 That noble *Briton* well displays his Birth: —
 Shed not his Blood, but generously free him,
 And that great Deed shall ever be recorded.

PENDA.

Now by our Gods the Boy hath lost his Spirit,
 His native Courage, and become a *Briton*.

ETHELRED.

Is Virtue then a Crime among the *Mercians*,
 Or I a *Briton* when that I am just. —
 O save the youthful Warrior, save your Fame,
 Clear and un sullied, like the chrystal Stream
 Whose shining Bosom shews the bounding Prospect,

And to your Conquest add not Cruelty;
That future Times may reverence your Name,
And Fame report, how truly great was PENDA.

PEMDA.
Peace ~~ETHELRED~~, nor draw thy Father's Curse
Upon thy forward Head! what whining Priest
Hath wrought thy Mind against thy Father's State,
Against the Gods thy Ancestors adored.

ETHELRED.

Alas, my Liege, the Crimes you load me with,
Oppress my Soul, and bend me down with Horror.
Yet sure it is no impious Deed, to free
A noble Slave, or give the wretched Help.
'Tis Mercy, and celestial Dictates, plead
For Mercy's Tye, the Attribute of Gods.

PENDA.

Now by the holy Sun, and his bright Beams,
By all our sacred Gods and solemn Rites!
There's not a *British* Slave within our Camp
But what shall bleed before the Sun appears. —
And mind, rash Youth, thou never after this,
Presume to utter in thy Father's Presence,
Words that import such base Impiety;
Note my Command, thy Life itself depends
On thy Obedience implicit to my Will.

ETHELRED.
Pardon, my royal, honour'd, much lov'd Sire,
I meant not on my Life to urge thy Wrath.

OSMOND.

O my good Cousin, you're perverse in this;
They are a cruel and inhuman Race;
Revenge is so implanted in their Nature,
That were you now a Captive in their Pow'r,
In tort'ring Flames, exulting at your Pangs,
You'd fall a Prey unto their abject Hate.

ETHELRED

ETHELRED.
 OSMOND, it may be true, but yet their Crimes
 Should not enflame us with their savage Rage
 Examples if they're bad, we ought to shun,
 If good and pious, closely to pursue.
 Here on his bended Knee, most royal Sir,
 Behold thy Son imploring for thy Pardon.

PENDA.
 Thou hast it ETHELRED, but ne'er again
 Repeat thy Fault—The Boy hath ruffled me.

OSMOND.
 Rest, my good Lord, might much revive your Strength,
 I wonder that thy Spirits hold so long:
 What with the Toils of War, and Cares of Empire,
 Thou bearest more than ever Monarch bore.

ETHELRED.
 Let my Contrition and my Grief prevail,
 To calm thy Anger and admit Repose.

PENDA.
 Youth, all my Cares are center'd for thy Good:
 The Gods demand our Oaths, and Kings must keep
 them : —
 But I am weary, so break up our Council.
 OFFA, do thou, e'er that the issuing Sun
 Steals up the Eastern Sky and joys the World,
 Attend me here—so now farewell to all.

ETHELRED.
 May pleasing Slumbers wait upon your Couch.

PENDA goes into the Tent.
 Exeunt severally OSMOND, OFFA, &c.

Manet ETHELRED.
 What Devastations from Ambition rise,
 That empty Name, the Bane of Rest and Empire,

Obscures

Obscures the Worth of Royalty itself.
 Princes should always arm themselves with Awe,
 And guard against its vain intestine Stealth:
 As a Disease insensibly it steals,
 Hides in our Breasts, and scatters Seeds of Woe;
 The fiery Spirit, like a fruitful Soil,
 Receives that Seed to make the World more barren.
 Envy sits meditating o'er its Head,
 And broods at one distorted Birth such Crimes,
 Such monstrous Crimes, e'en horrible to name;
 By it we strive to gain immoderate Pow'r,
 Oppress the Weak to gratify our Wish,
 Which when obtain'd a larger swells our Thoughts. —
 Ambition fires my Father's eager Soul;
 Yet though he conquers, still he will not save.
 Do thou great THOR convert his Mind from Arms,
 And dawn his Soul with secret Light of Good;
 That should he war, with Mercy he may fight: —
 But ah, soon may this baneful Strife have End.
 Grant, O ye Saxon Gods, that War may cease,
 Restore our Joys, and to this Land yield Peace;
 Gladsome may all the Olive Crown receive,
 And Wars tumultuous Rage no longer grieve;
 That State is happy, and that People blest,
 Where War's a Stranger, Liberty's possess.

[Exit.

End of the **THIRD ACT.**

ACT



ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Field near the Mercian Camp.

CADWALLYNE, ALBANACT, EDGAR,
and Soldiers.

CADWALLYNE.

Our Bands, thank Heav'n, in safety are arriv'd,
And Freedom seems to hang within our Reach.
But why does ALBANACT thus cloud his Brow?
When universal Joy should all inspire.

ALBANACT.

'Tis not in me, my Liege, to carry Smiles,
Or cover Sorrow by an outward Shew
Of Joy disssembled, and of Grief suppress'd.
My Loss is great, ALTHIRA and EUGENIA
Are fallen Victims to a Villain's Lust.

CADWALLYNE.

Let not Surmises agitate your Breast.

EDGAR.

A Party of our Force stretching too far,
Were by some *Mercians*, (who in quest of Prey
Had left their Camp) perceiv'd, yet not so soon
But that our Party hem'd them in from Flight :
By them we learn, that OSMOND tries by Love
To win these beauteous Maids.—ORMANUS too
Is doom'd a Sacrifice before the Morn.

CADWALLYNE.

CADWALLYNE.

What the brave Youth—O may his Respite save him!

ALBANACT.

Where is my dear ALTHIRA? Ha! methinks
I see her struggling in the Villain's Arms,
Panting, half spent.—See, see her gushing Tears!
Hark, how her Cries have rais'd the savage Camp!
Curse on them, how they mock her piteous Plaints!
O Vengeance! Vengeance on his guilty Head!
Strike him, just Heav'n, with your destructive Bolts!

CADWALLYNE.

We charge thee, ALBANACT, forbear this Rage,
To Heav'n as much unpleasing as to us!
Great Souls ne'er shine so much as when distressed;
It is Adversity that makes us great,
For those ne'er tried cannot be justly so,
Howe'er high Fortune and their Birth has rais'd them.
Soon shall we storm the Camp, there shew your worth,
And make Renown confess you've outdone Fortune.

ALBANACT.

Revenge! ay bright Revenge will sure be there,
Then shall our slaughtered Friends be satisfied;
The Virgins ravish'd there shall be appeas'd;
For now their Spirits hover o'er our Heads,
Upbraid Delay, and cry, on, on to conquest!

CADWALLYNE.

When ELFRID comes from ELIUD, will we give
The Signal.—A blazing Torch from yon tall Pine,
Whose Top will then be visible to all.
Strait let us rush, and deep imprint our Wrongs
In *Mercian* Blood, for should they vanquish us,
Nought can we expect but foul Captivity.
And shall eternal Slavery brand our Names!
And nought but Bondage to our Heirs descend!
Shall *Saxon* lord it o'er a free born State?

And

And live in Plenty, Affluence, and Ease,
 While we shall sink beneath Oppression's Weight,
 And end our Days in miserable Toil!
 No! we are free! why then let us remain so!
 [*To them an Officer.*

OFFICER.

My Liege, the Tent is up.

CADWALLYNE.

Then let us thither,
 Untill our trusty ELFRID does arrive.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II. *The Mercian Camp.*

OSMOND and EGBERT.

OSMOND.

How yet resolves the Fair! will she comply;
 Or is she sternly fix'd against her Fortune?

EGBERT.

Ay, as a firm fix'd Rock, whose Basis scorns
 The Surges and the Winds. she is unmoved.

OSMOND.

Did you acquaint her of the Briton's Fate?

EGBERT.

I did.—and as I spoke she frown'd upon me;
 But when she heard his Doom, prostrate on Earth,
 She beg'd my Pity, and to save the Briton
 Offer'd me Bribes beyond her Country's Wealth,
 Would I convey them to the British Court.
 Those I rejected with a Scorn determin'd;
 On her Compliance I insur'd his Life;
 At which she started, and address'd to Heaven,
 Beg'd that her Life might end before the Time
 Force should compel her to a barbarous Villain,
 As she was pleas'd to term you in her Pray'r.

OSMOND.

OSMOND.
Curse on the wayward Slave! I'll wait no more;
Her Enmity no longer shall controul
The Flame she's rais'd in me.—Hence, let her know,
Like as our WODEN, I'll reign in her Charms,
'Spite of her Ha' red, Heaven and the Gods.—
Hence, and return with Speed to OFFA's Tent;
This Night the Orders of to-Morrow's March
We settle there; that Business once perform'd,
The rest shall be devoted all to Love.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. EGBERT's Tent.

ETHELRED *solus.*

Why do I dare to disobey a Father?
Or why dispute the Orders of my King?
O 'tis too far presuming for my Years!
But then, I know not why, I cannot bear
To see that noble *British* Warrior bleed!
What, must he fall for such a brave Defence!
'Tis hard that Pity should not have the Pow'r,
Nor Power have the Will for worthy Deeds:
But yet it must not be—he shall not fall.—
The Guards grown heavy with the Gifts of Conquest,
Dream on secure, while that Deceiver Sleep
Allures the Fancy with Ideas strange.
OSMOND attends the Council, and this Night,
(Dreadful as was the Day that it preceded)
May favour his Escape secure, for still
It lowrs so black, a Tent can't be discern'd;
Unless some faint or glimm'ring Lamp within
Direct the Searcher's Steps.—And tho' the Wind
Ruffles the Face of Nature with his Blasts,
Yet the still Camp, o'ercome with Toil and Wine,

Forget

Forget the Day's Fatigue.—Hold, I must be near
The Place where Worth's dishonour'd by Captivity!
Hark! this by his Chains is him.—now Night
Cast thy black Veil round me invisible. [*He retires.*]

ORMANUS *appears at the Entrance of the*
Tent.

ORMANUS.

Methought I heard a Noise, for Fancy starts
At ev'ry Phantom, deeming it Reality.——
I'll forth as far as this vile Chain permits. [*advancing.*]
How the Night darkens on this Scene of Horror!
As if it mourn'd in Pity of our Fate.——
I too am dark and sad as is the World,
Except 'tis those whose dire Abode is Darkness;
Why sits this Gloom so heavy on my Mind!
I fear not Death, if in the Field of Glory,
I had expired in the Cause of Britain;
But here to fall to imagery Idols,
That Thought, that thought torments me to the Heart!
But let it fall, since righteous Heav'n decrees,
For Life itself is but a tiresome Toil;
'Tis even worse than Death when Fear attends it,
For it enslaves itself and makes it weary.
Yon Taper burns, and wastes, until at length,
Unable to sustain the Wick, which faints,
Grows dim, goes out.—just such a Thing is Life;
How to preserve it steals the Care of Man:
Yet it will 'ticing play the Cheat, and oft
Life, as an empty Vision fleets away;
An Ague, Cough, or Fever cuts the Thread,
And leaves the earthy Mass in endless Night——

[*ETHELRED goes towards him.*]

Ha! What art thou?

I 2

ETHELRED.

ETHELRED.
A *Mercian*.

ORMANUS.
Then a Villain!
Dost thou not think my Fate severe enough,
That here thou com'st to add to Misery?

ETHELRED.
Far be from me thy Sorrows to augment;
With Wonder I've beheld thy steady Soul:
To free thee from ignoble Death hath been
My only Care.

ORMANUS.
Think not by fawning Arts
Useless on me, to make this Life desirous;
My utmost Wish was to have sav'd the Maids
Whom ye have basely stol'n.

ETHELRED.
I scorn such Meanness!
Briton, my Soul is bent on nobler Views;
I am thy Friend, and for a Proof of this,
Let me unbrace the Fetters on thy Limbs.

ORMANUS. [pushing him away.]
Away,—if thou wouldst do a Deed of Kindness,
Seek out two Maids, the Glory of our Isle,
And safe conduct them from this Nest of Rapine.

ETHELRED.
Alas; my Friend, (fain would my willing Tongue
By that soft Name endear me to thy Heart)
I have attempted much by earnest Pray'rs,
To loose their Bonds, but vain are all Intreaties.—
O had I Pow'r like an Eagle wing'd,
I'd fly to save them, for I ow'd my Life
Unto thy Country in my tender Years;
The Storm of War bl'w from East *Anglia's* Pow'r,
When a brave *Christian*, honour'd in our Court,

Rescu'd

Rescu'd me from the Jaws of horrid Death,
A Soldier threatn'd in a sudden Siege;
Who, when an Infant, I have heard, had rais'd
His Ponjard, but the Briton in his Shield
Receiv'd the destin'd Blow, and with his Axe,
Guarding a Prince's Life, destroy'd the Slave.

ORMANUS.

[*Starting.*

Ha! art thou ETHELRED?

ETHELRED.

Briton, I am.

ORMANUS.

Then 'twas my Father snatch'd thee from Destruction,

ETHELRED.

Thy Father!

ORMANUS.

Oft hath he told me in my boyish Days,
His Feats in War, and that among the rest.

ETHELRED.

Then Heav'n be prais'd! the old Man's Kindness now
Comes rushing on my Soul.—Thou shalt not fall,
Though by thy Freedom I met certain Death.
O I conjure thee, by the strictest Ties
Of Friendship, by thy Father's gen'rous Deed,
(Which always shall hold Mem'ry in my Breast,)
Fly, leave this Camp, and I'll direct your Course,
A watchful Safeguard from these hostile Tents.

[*ETHELRED takes off his Chains.*

ORMANUS.

Thou gen'rous Prince, thy Bounty has o'ercome me,
Beyond the Power of thy Father's Arms.

ETHELRED.

O let us hence, for ev'ry Moment threatens
Some secret Danger to our mutual Safety.

ORMANUS.

I must attend; O gen'rous, gen'rous Mercian!

[*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Field near the Mercian Camp.

CADWALLYNE, ALBANACT, EDGAR, &c.
and Soldiers.

CADWALLYNE.

Each to his Charge, remember well your Fame,
Your pristine Worth, and Glories in the Field;
Spur'd on by Liberty, that Maid divine:
Let those Incitements rule your idle Fear,
And in the Warrior's Breast raise Emulation.
E're that the Moon shall cast her silver Beams,
And spread her Light around the starry Pole,
Begin the Charge, each Leader then direct
His Eyes with Care towards the lofty Pine,
That at a Time all may attack the Camp.
Our Torch shall flame Destruction to the *Mercians*.—
ALBANACT, you know your Post?

ALBANACT.

Yes, my Lord.

CADWALLYNE.

And EDGAR?

EDGAR.

I do.

CADWALLYNE.

LUCIUS and all.

ALL.

We do.

CADWALLYNE.

Brave Friends, this your Alertness cheers my Soul,
And is, I hope, propitious to us all.—
Now let we on, and may our Meeting be
With glorious Conquest in the *Mercian* Camp.—
But hark!

ALBANACT.

Some one approaches!

CADWALLYNE.

CADWALLYNE.

EDGAR, *strait*,
Give Order that a Guard enclose this Spot.

EDGAR.

Be still, 'tis here!

CADWALLYNE.

Stand back; let us retire.

[*They withdraw.*]SCENE V. *Enter* ORMANUS.

ORMANUS.

Ha! whither do my frantick Sorrows bear me!
Methinks as thro' this dreary Waste I rove,
I meet with Spectres that delude my Eyes;
For when I turn, the Phantoms glide away,
And as a Vision leave my wondring Sight.
Oft her loud Cries have pierc'd me to the Heart,
And yet my Steps in vain pursue the Visions.
'Tis strange,—and as yon Mass of Ruin
I wandering pass'd, the Way was strew'd with Limbs,
And scatter'd Carcases of slaughter'd Friends,
To make the Horror of this Gloom more dreadful.—
Why did I leave Death in the *Mercian* Camp!
Better to die, than live to see her Honour,
(Which fair and seemly as the Morning Rose,
Bloom'd on her Cheeks and form'd her all divine,)
Blasted and torn, her Charms no longer pleasing;
(Enjoyment gain'd, her Innocence corrupted,)
The Fiend himself shall taunt her with Reproach.
Ha, horrid! O let me not think on it,
It leads to Phrensy, Madness and Despair.

CADWALLYNE.

[*behind.*]

Now ALBANACT!

ALBANACT. *advancing with his javelin,*

Stand and declare yourself!

ORMANUS.

ORMANUS.

I'm one that Fate has rob'd of all, save that
He wish'd to lose, this miserable Being;
But now I hope the Vapour's nearly spent:
I am ORMANUS, *Mercian*!

ALBANACT. [*throwing down his Javelin
and embracing him.*]

My dearest Friend!
Do I behold, O do I clasp my Brother!

CADWALLYNE. [*advancing.*]

Ha! ORMANUS! how fares my noble Boy?

ORMANUS.

My Lord, my King! Heav'n prosper your Attempts;
Sure that its Majesty hath led my Steps,
With his Almighty Aid!

ALBANACT.

Say, ORMANUS,
Where is EUGENIA and my dear ALTHIRA?

ORMANUS.

Ah, ALBANACT, no more, ask not for them!

ALBANACT.

Are they then dead? they are! O virtuous Maids!
I'm satisfied.—

ORMANUS.

No; they yet live; — but Oh!
Impious Dishonour hovers o'er their Charms;
OSMOND the *Mercian*! — you may guess their Fate.

ALBANACT.

Drench down, just Heav'n, your Lightnings on his
Head!

Snatch him ye greedy Fiends to Hell! — O may —

CADWALLYNE.

ALBANACT, forbear these Imprecations!

'Tis Heaven's to punish, ours to forgive. —

Do thou, ORMANUS, to our Tent retire,
And pray for our Success while we set on.

ORMANUS.

ORMANUS.

Ha, noble Prince, thou wilt not leave me thus?
 What Act of Cowardice have I committed?
 Or did I e'er betray a Trust repos'd,
 That thus I'm left with ignominious Shame.

CADWALLYNE.

Brave Youth, I doubt thy Spirits cannot bear
 A Charge with us upon the *Mercian* Camp.

ORMANUS.

Were I deprest below an Infant's Strength,
 Did ev'ry Nerve with trembling Palsy shake;
 This would revive me to the Battle's Heat,
 O let me go, and when you see me slack,
 When you behold me linger in the Storm,
 Plunge deep thy Poniard in my coward Heart.

CADWALLYNE.

I do believe thee brave, but fear thy Strength. —
 Yet be it so, with me thou shalt assault.

ALBANACT.

Then let the Signal be this instant giv'n.

CADWALLYNE.

First let each gain his Post for the Attack. —
 While young ORMANUS shall behold the Plan
 Of our intended Charge—we will retire,
 And in our Tent refresh the valiant Youth;
 Then let us rush, and as a River's Tide
 Force through their Mound, and storm the guilty Camp.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE VI. *The open Camp of the Mercians.*

OSMOND *solus.*

Now will I revel in her stubborn Charms,
 That scorn'd my Power, and disdain'd my Love:
 How will it vex that haughty *British* Youth,

K

To

To know before he dies, that I've enjoy'd her.

'Tis that alone hurries me on to Force,

For I despise the Wretch, who scoffs a Man

So famed in Arms and all the Arts of War.

Ha, who's there?

[To him] EGBERT.

EGBERT.

A Friend—O my good Lord well met!

Just now, by chance, I tumbled on the Prince,

In deep Discourse with one the Darkness hid.

I fear some sudden Stratagem's on foot

To free the Captives—

OSMOND.

What Grounds have you for this?

EGBERT.

They talk'd of Chains, of Liberty, and Beauty;

And then our Prince spoke largely in the Praise

Of honourable Love, and swore he'd free them.—

The other's voice no stranger to my Ear,

(Though its remembrance is at present lost)

Talk'd of EUGENIA.—

OSMOND.

Ha—of EUGENIA!

Then haste, and guard the Beauty,—and on thy Life,

I charge thee keep her safe; EGBERT away.

Exit EGBERT.

O could I meet the Prince, Ambition's Foe,

I'd sheath'd my Dagger in his treach'rous Breast;

And then be one Step nearer to the Throne.

But let me haste and safe secure my Love.

To torture that proud Briton is my Wish.

When I behold upon the racking Wheel

His Limbs extended, then will I reveal

EUGENIA's Shame, I'll thunder in his Ears,

How bright and peerless in her virgin Tears.

Gods! how I'll rack him, ere that he expires,

More than your Wheels, your Engines, or your Fires.

End of the FOURTH ACT.



A C T V.

SCENE I. OSMOND'S Tent.

EUGENIA is discover'd sleeping on a Couch, ALTHIRA standing by.

ALTHIRA.

SLEEP on, thou dear Companion of my Woes,
And may its downy Sweets becalm thy Sense,
And change thee from this mad perturbed State.—
Ha——soft! She wakes!

EUGENIA.

Where am I? what art thou?
The Angel sure of my belov'd ALTHIRA:
Am I then happy in the Realms of Bliss?
The safe Retreat at last——Where's my ORMANUS?
Where is my Love, the Envy of the Gods?
Ha me! what means this dreadful Clink of Chains?
O I am yet within the Vale of Misery!
ORMANUS too is gone, and leaves me here.

ALTHIRA.

Take Comfort to your Breast, ORMANUS lives,
Adores you still, and we shall still be happy.—

EUGENIA.

Is he not dead?—Behold yon Preparations!
The ling'ring Racks are at their Altars plac'd;
Dispers'd around lay Instruments of Death:
See yon ill-omen'd Priest, with greedy Eye,
Tuck up his Robes, and hold the fatal Steel:
Ha, see he comes, comes to a cruel Death.—
Now! Now the Wheel receives his manly Limbs!

K 2

The

The Rack extorts his dying Groans—Murder!
 O Mercy! save him, save my ORMANUS!
 Ye barbarous Fiends!—Hark! Hark, his Sinews crack!
 See where the Blood spouts from his mangled Veins!
 Yet in his latest Breath he calls on me;
 EUGENIA falters on his dying Lips!—
 Ah see, he faints, he dies; he's gone!—Oh- Oh!

[She faints.]

ALTHIRA.

O help, she faints,---how languid are her Looks—
 What art thou gone, my only Joy in Woe!—
 Then farewell Peace! for when that thou art gone,
 What Happiness remains for me on Earth;
 But soft, she breaths, awake my dearest Friend,
 The tender Consolation of my Grief,
 Revive, and look upon thy dear ALTHIRA.

EUGENIA.

Where have I been? Why am I thus afflicted?
 O my ALTHIRA, I have seen such Forms,
 Such horrid Forms might fright the Worst to Virtue:
 The greedy Fiends snatch'd at the poor EUGENIA,
 Yet thy good Arm hath rescued me from Horror.
 Hence let us fly this loathsome dismal Place,
 Where rueful Darkness spreads her raven Wings,
 And gain the Stars, wedded to endless Bliss,
 There, as a Deity, ORMANUS shines:—
 See, see he comes, too radiant and too bright,
 And I, like SEMELE, must perish, yet,
 O yet, I will embrace him ere I die!

[faints]

ALTHIRA.

Ha, what again? Restore her peace, good Heav'n!

[weeping]

Her spirits cannot hold this;—Nature must break.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter OSMOND.*

OSMOND.

[aside.

So! in her Faintings, these are Tricks of Women,
 Deluding of our Fancy with their Wiles;
 Making a Prey of easy foolish Man;
 Should they adore them—But I'll not be her Tool,
 For if she spurns my Kindness with Severity,
 I'll be severe in Turn.—But, she revives:

Now aid me Flattery, and smooth my Tongue;

[Goes to EUGENIA, who starts and turns away.

Turn not my lovely Fair, 'tis OSMOND comes
 To crown EUGENIA with eternal Bliss.

EUGENIA.

Hence from my Sight, thou loath'd abhorred Monster!

OSMOND.

Believe my Love sincere, 'tis wholly thine:

While here I lay my Laurels at your Feet,

Bound in the filken Gyves of gentle Love.

EUGENIA.

Mercian away.—O let me die in Peace!

Let me pass calmly to my Lover's arms,

And meet ORMANUS as his happy Bride!

Hence, hence thou bloody Wretch—Ha dread the Wrath,

The Vengeance of high Heaven upon thy Crimes;

OSMOND.

On me these frantick Fits are vainly practis'd;

Enjoyment fires and bounds o'er all restraint—

Ho! EGBERT, take thy promis'd Gem.

[EGBERT enters, and seizes ALTHIRA.

ALTHIRA.

O Mercy!

O let my Sorrows claim some Part of Pity!

Help, help just Heav'n, do thou aid Virtue's Cause;

[She is forc'd off by EGBERT.

OSMOND.

OSMOND.

Now say EUGENIA, will you yield to Love?

Or, by our Gods, I'll use thee as a Wretch

Common to all the Camp. —

[A loud Alarm.

What can this mean,

Why in the Dead of Night this loud Alarm,

When but e'er now still Silence reign'd around.

[To them an Officer.

Thou pale-fac'd Slave, what means that timid Look?

OFFICER.

The Britons with an unexpected Force

Now storm the Camp, and cut their Passage through;

Our Mercians fly with wild Confusion seiz'd,

And Death appears on ev'ry Side to face us.

PENDA impatient, waits your Presence: quick!

Haste my good Lord to save the Camp from Ruin.

OSMOND.

Art thou a Soldier, and dost fear thy Life?

Conduct this Captive to the Southern Side,

Mark well the Place, and meet me at the Breach.

[Exit OFFICER with EUGENIA.

Confusion to my Hopes, they've stopp'd my Joy;

But by this keen-edg'd Sword which here I draw,

They shall repent this rash attack e'er Morn.

[Exit OSMOND.

SCENE III. *The open Camp.**Enter PENDA, OFFA, and Soldiers.*

PENDA.

Where is our Cousin? ne'er before this Time,

Hath he been absent at the Trumpet's Sound,

When Honour call'd the Soldier forth to Arms?

Haste OFFA, reinforce our cumber'd Son;

At ye like Men; or by our angry Gods,

(Who

(Who blew this Storm of War upon our Heads)
Ye perish all in *Mercia*.—But for the Brave
Remain rich Spoils, the Honours of the Field.

[Exit OFFA and Soldiers.]

Enter OSMOND.

OSMOND we lack'd your Counsel and your Strength:
The dastard *Britons* pour four unknown Troops,
Brought in this Night of Darkness to assail us.

OSMOND.
My Lord, too well I know the Truth of this:
So 'tis no Time to sport inactive Words,
Weapons become, for clam'rous War breaks forth,
And threatens Ruin to our *Mercian* Pow'rs.

PENDA.
Then to the Breach, the *Britons* conquer there,
And madly triumph o'er the unwary Camp.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Camp.

Alarm, Excursions, Britons drove by EGBERT
and Soldiers.

Re-enter EGBERT *and* ORMANUS *severally.*

EGBERT.
Pursue my Friends, for Vict'ry smiles on us;—
Revenge flows sweet—Ha--what art thou?

ORMANUS.

A *Briton*!

And one whose Arm shall crush thee to the Earth:
Thou bear'st a Form horrid to me as Hell.

EGBERT.
Now by our Gods I fear thee not! come on.
Thou'st scaped the Racks to fall by EGBERT's Arm.---

ORMANUS.

ORMANUS.

Thy Crimes upon thy Head.—

[*They fight, EGBERT falls.*]

EGBERT.

They are too heavy!

ORMANUS.

Villain, declare as thou desirest Mercy,
Where are the lovely Captives now confin'd?

EGBERT.

I've wrong'd ye Britons—and my End approaches!
ALTHIRA is confin'd in yonder Tent.[*Exit ORMANUS.*]With Guards enclosed---Go not alone to save---Oh
[*Dies.*]

S C E N E V.

Another Part of the Camp.

OSMOND, EDWIN, and Soldiers.

OSMOND.

Curse on our fickle Fortune—all is lost!
The *British* Standards wave within our Camp;—
O Shame, Dishonour, the Stern Britons come,
Like prowling Wolves intent upon their Prey.—
But I'll secure my Freight, and bear her off,
Far from the Seat of War and Din of Arms.—[*OSMOND enters the Tent and leads in EUGENIA.*]

EUGENIA.

'Twas bravely done---O how the ugly Wretch
Grind'd in the Pangs of Death, and gnaw'd the Earth:

OSMOND.

The Foe approaches, and will soon surround us.
Hark, their exulting Shouts—EDWIN away!—[*Loud Shouts.*]

And bear with Speed this Captive from the Camp.

EUGENIA.

EUGENIA.

Yes we will go---ORMANUS and EUGENIA.

The Gods expect us in the starry Court.

[Exit EDWIN with EUGENIA.]

SCENE VI. Enter ALBANACT.

ALBANACT.

This Way, I'm sure it was a Woman's Voice!

OSMOND.

Briton, advance no farther on thy Life!

ALBANACT.

Mercian I will should Hell oppose my Passage.

OSMOND.

Tremble thou haughty Wretch, let OSMOND's Name
Scare thy unwarlike Soul! away; by THOR,
I hold thee far unworthy of my Sword.

ALBANACT.

Ha---art thou there---Then Heaven I thank thee,
Accursed Fiend, think on thy Crimes, and tremble.

OSMOND.

Dost thou provoke my Rage, then take thy Death!

[They fight, OSMOND falls.]

ALBANACT.

There end thy Life unworthy of thy Birth.

Exit ALBANACT.

OSMOND.

O Fate, accursed Fate! must I then fall
By this Boy's Hand, and in the Night that Love
Had nearly crown'd my Wishes---O it racks me!
Where is the regal Pow'r, the royal Crown
I thought to gain---O Coward---Fool! that when
Fair Opportunity disclos'd itself,
I shun'd the precious Chance, though fairly offer'd.
O I'd dy'd glorious, had I dy'd a King:—

L

Hark,

Hark, these loud Shots proclaim the Foes Approach,
 And here lies OSMOND near the Pangs of Death,
 Unable to retreat or stop their Force.
 O curst Mischance thus to be left with Life,
 And yet bereav'd of Power, that I must bear
 The angry Taunts and Insults of the Foe :
 Perdition catch me ere they see me thus.

SCENE VII.

Enter CADWALLYNE, EDGAR, ALTHIRAY
 &c. with ORMANUS wounded.

ETHELRED, OFFA, &c. Prisoners.

CADWALLYNE.

At length, thank Heav'n, the *Mercian* Camp is ours,
 And Liberty shall soon diffuse its Sweets
 On ev'ry Briton—But thy Wounds brave Youth
 Deject our Joy, as for our absent Friends,
 We hope they're safe, and leave the rest to Heav'n.

ORMANUS.

Gently my Friends, is yet EUGENIA found ?

Is she secure from lawless *Heathen* Rage ?

Ah no ! I fear she's not, may Angels guard,
 And save her Honour in this ruthless Scene !

ALTHIRAY'S Safety joys my wounded Breast.

Where is my ALBANACT ? I hope not fall'n !

What hollow Groans proceeded from the Earth,
 Of some Expiring near his destin'd Death.

OSMOND.
 Ay Briton, here must end a Warrior's Life !

And must it end in this ?—O shameful Death !

Perdition seize the Weakness of my Arm,

Which thin'd your Ranks when in the Field we met,
 Curst be the Gods who destin'd me to fall !

May

May they divide the World with baneful Hate;
 May War, Disease, and Pestilence prevail;
 To curse the World with their devouring Ills;
 But doubly curs'd may all thy Nation be,
 Innate Divisions wear you to the Bone.
 O Gods, when OSMOND dies the Earth should rend,
 And into Chaos hurl the World again!
 [Dies.

CADWALLYNE.

There fled his fiery Soul in guilty Oaths,
 With Curses most unnatural on his Lips.
 'Tis but too oft the Error of Mankind,
 When War commands them to her iron Seat,
 To throw off Pity as a servile Virtue.
 A Soldier should be brave and generous,
 Firm in the Field and to his Captives mild;
 When conquer'd easy, and resign'd to Fate;
 Had he been thus how glorious his Life,
 To Arms an Honour, to his Country dear.

SCENE VIII. *To them ELIUD and
 Soldiers.*

Now ELIUD, joyous Conquest crowns our Arms,
 ELIUD:
 And may it crown them 'till the End of Time,
 Confus'd, and in the neighb'ring Valleys lie
 The scatter'd Foe, dispers'd around in Death;
 The few surviving all in wild Confusion,
 Make for the flowing Sever to escape;
 Our Horsemen still are hot in their Pursuit.

CADWALLYNE.

Thanks to the holy Pow'rs, the Conquest's great;
 Were the deep Wounds ORMAND bears not mortal,

'Twould be most happy, but Heav'n ordains
No settled Joy for Mortals here on Earth.

ORMANUS.

I soon shall be beyond Expression blest,
No Tears my Liege, I've shew'd myself a Briton.

AY my brave Prince, has Fortune play'd the Jilt,
And bound thee captive in her frowning Chains.

O War, dread War, what Changes dost thou make!

Yes noble Briton, had my Troops stood firm,
I ne'er had been a Captive.—but 'tis done!

Let us withdraw, this midnight Breeze is cold.

ORMANUS.

No, here I'll die, and let the open Air
Receive my parting Breath.—Ha! 'tis she;
Now Heav'n I'm thine.

SCENE IX. *To them* ALBANACT and EUGENIA.

He died, I know he fell.—

ORMANUS.

No my EUGENIA, thy ORMANUS lives;
Come to my fainting Arms and hush thy Cares.

O she is not the same she was.—

Art thou then safe to partake a Lover's Joy!

No, no, you cannot lure me with his Image,
He was as lively as a Morning Rose,
Bright as yon Star which glitters thro' this Gloom!

ORMANUS.

ORMANUS.
This makes my Wounds become a Weight indeed!

EUGENIA.

In sweet Elysium, the Abode of Gods,
ORMANUS in his flowing Tresses walks;
The gentle Zephyrs with their fanning Breath
Play wanton in his Ringlets, while my Love,
Stern as the God of War, as Jove majestic,
Steps with an Air superior to the rest:
Each Goddess envious with attractive Charms,
Strives to withdraw from me his settled Love;
But he retains his Faith for me unspotted,
And I for him.—I come my Lord—Oh! Oh!

[She faints.]

ORMANUS.

O dearest Partner of my Heart! she faints!

CADWALLYNE.

Life's Remnant hangs upon her rosy Lips,
And Death will soon uplift his common Standard.

EUGENIA.

Nay *Mercians* off,—ye shall not tear me from him.
Assist me ALBANACT! ORMANUS help!
They pull me down! — Have Mercy Heaven! — Oh!

[Din.]

ORMANUS.

Is she then gone, for whom I wish'd to live!
But we shall meet in Happiness eternal;
No more to be disjoin'd by earthly Pow'r:
Life now grows irksome since the Balm on't's fled,
And ev'ry Moment seems an Age of Pain!

[Turning to ETHELRED.]

O noble Prince, thy gen'rous Soul deserves
A better Fate, and Praise unanimous.

ETHELRED.

I am thy Monarch's Captive, and if true

What

What I have heard, my Life must ransom me;
If so, delay not long to give me Freedom.

ORMANUS.

CADWALLYNE, hear my dying, last Request;
That Prince tho' in a Foe hath acted nobly;
Give him safe Conduct to his Father's Court,
With some few Friends whom he shall choose to name.
My Head grows dizzy, and I feel the Hand
Of Death is now upon me; good King farewell!
Farewell! may Happiness attend you all:
I come EUGENIA now! O let one Tomb
Enclose us both in Death. — Now I am — Oh!

[Dies.

CADWALLYNE.

He shines in Death still loyal to his King,
Still true to Virtue, and in Hopes of Bliss.
There OSMOND lies inglorious — O how wide
The Difference 'tween their Lives and Actions;
Both fam'd in Arms, for Virtue one renown'd,
The other's Fame obscur'd by Cruelty;
Now one terrestrial Spot retains them both.
But let us cease their Deeds, and leave to Heav'n
Their Virtues to reward, Vices to punish.

ETHELRED.

[Aside.

O Gods! I had been happy had you placed
Me with these Britons, and this good King's Son.

CADWALLYNE.

Young Prince, you may depart whene'er you please,
'Till then, your Residence be in this Camp.

ETHELRED.

Great King, your Goodness makes me poor in Thanks,
But in my Soul I honour and revere you.

CADWALLYNE.

We are no greater than becomes our Station,

Be

EUGENIA

85

Be his safe Conduct **EDGAR** in the Camp,
Young Prince farewell.

ETHELRED.

Farewell O Bounteous King!

Exit EDGAR and ETHELRED.

CADWALLYNE.

Turn ye from that distracting Sight of Death,
And let us seek Refreshment from our Toils,
To-morrow let we on against these *Mercians*,
Striving by Force to gain long with'd for Rest;
And since they're firmly settled in our Plains,
Let us endeavour if we can to sort

In friendly State together, to repel
All other foreign Powers who invade us,
May *Britons*, *Saxons* soon become the same,
One be their Love, and one their rising Fame;
May one good King o'er *Albion's* fertile Land
In Peaceful Plenty wave the Olive Wand;
Another still succeed with useful Laws,
To bless this Isle, and bless the *British* Cause.

Exit

ETHELRED.

O Gods! I had been happy had you been
Me with these *Britons*, and this good King's Son.

CADWALLYNE.

Young Prince, you may depart whenever you please.
Till then, your Residence in the Camp.

ETHELRED.

Great King, your Goodness makes me poor in Thanks,
But in my Soul I honour and revere you.

CADWALLYNE.

We are no greater than becomes our Station.

Be

U O B M Y A A

The above is a list of the
 names of the persons who
 have been appointed to
 the various offices of the
 Board of Directors of the
 City of New York, for the
 year 1890.

RECEIVED AT THE ALBANY

A circular ink stamp from the British Museum. The outer ring contains the words "BRITISH" at the top and "MUSEUM" at the bottom, separated by small decorative elements. In the center is a royal coat of arms featuring a crown atop a shield, which is supported by two lions. Below the shield is a motto scroll. The stamp is slightly faded and positioned in the lower center of the document.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

I stand the precious chance, though faintly offered,
 To see my country and I dy'd a King —
 I thought to gain — O coward — I cool — that when
 Whence is the regal Power, the royal Crown
 Gladly, nearly crown'd up // there — O it racks me!
 My this Wife's Hand, and in the night that I love
 O then, accounted for by me, I then fall